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JAMES LICK, THE FOUNDER OF THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS

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# The Button of Bronze

A Story of the Baltimore Outrage.

Valparaiso, the largest of the Chilean seaports, is a cosmopolitan city. In the waters of its bay may always be found ships flying the flags of the principal nations of the earth. Like all great seaports where Jack Tar may have a holiday, Valparaiso has a water front district well stocked with all the lures and pitfalls which Satan teaches the hand of man to erect to ensnare the mariner and secure his hard-earned shekels.

The worst street in the "tough" district of Valparaiso is undoubtedly the "Calle de la Independencia," a narrow and dirty alley which compresses in its short extent as much wickedness as possible. In the autumn of 1891 at the close of the revolution in Chili, had there been a question of which resort in the "Calle de la Independencia" was the "toughest," the palm by universal consent would have been awarded to a saloon and lodging house which bore the delusive sign in English of "Snug Harbor." Indeed it had been a snug harbor to many a poor fellow who had imbibed liquor over its bar and had awakened several days later to find himself at sea bound to Liverpool or on board a whaler starting for a three years' cruise in the Antarctic. On the windows beneath the sign was painted a number of flags of different nationalities. It was evident that the proprietor of "Snug Harbor" made no distinction among his patrons or victims. "One-Eyed Bill" as he was called by his English-speaking customers, or "Ojo Solamente" as the Chileans waggishly dubbed him when he was out of hearing had the reputation of being a desperate man who would stop at nothing to gain his point. His real name was William Compton and he was a native of North Carolina. He was a man of herculanean build, six feet six inches tall and nearly fifty years of age. He had been a Confederate soldier during the American Civil War and had lost his left eye in battle. When the struggle ended with the defeat of the Confederacy, Bill in common with many Confederates who were dissatisfied with the result, left his native country to seek adventure. The free, almost vagabond life of the camp had been demoralizing to Bill and he found it difficult to apply himself successfully to any pursuit. Unlike some of his companions in arms, Bill knew when he was whipped and had enough and he had a soldier's respect for a worthy foe. "I'd rather shake a Yank's hand any day," he had once remarked in an argument about the qualities of the respective armies, "even one of them niggah officials than trust a slab-sided galoot like the one what stole my last chaw of terbacker in the Wilderness."

Just where Bill had drifted from or how he had come to settle at Valparaiso and just how he had come to be proprietor of the "shanghaiing" resort, "Snug Harbor," was known only to himself. Certain it was he had been there for a number of years, each one making his record blacker. It was true that there had been no murder committed in his house, but that was about all that could be said of it. Only on very rare occasions had Bill interfered in the interest of fair play.

The feeling of the successful Chilean party at the time mentioned was antagonistic to Americans. The revolutionary party had not been recognized in the United States as belligerents until it had nearly succeeded and the war was about over. Several incidents had occurred which had intensified this feeling. When the revolutionary army had landed at Quintero Bay, a short distance north of Valparaiso then held by the Balmacedists, the U. S. Flagship "San Francisco" had steamed out of Valparaiso, proceeded to Quintero and witnessed the disembarkation. For

doing this the revolutionists had named the "San Francisco" the "Blanca Espia" and had openly charged that she had carried Balmacedist officers to witness the movements of the revolutionary troops which would have been a breach of neutrality. Earlier in the war, the cruiser "Baltimore" had, with shotted guns and ship stripped for action, protected the little cable steamer bearing the American flag against the entire revolutionary fleet while she grappled for and cut the telegraphic cable connecting Iquiqui, the revolutionary headquarters, with the ouside world. The business-like appearance of the eight inch guns that projected far out over each bow and quarter of the "Baltimore" together with a wholesome respect for the fighting abilities of the crew that was behind them caused the fleet to prudently refrain from opening the engagement. The Chileans contented themselves with naming the "Baltimore," "El Blanco Diablo" and in harboring a slumbering hatred for her and her crew. After the war ended the "Baltimore" was lying in Valparaiso harbor when the "Baltimore affair" which cost Chili dearly occurred.

## II.

"Strike two bells, forward" said the smart officer of the deck, of the "Baltimore." "Lay aft to the port side of the quarter deck all the liberty party," he continued. Alex Downing, bosn's mate port gangway, touched his cap and blew a shrill note on a silver whistle. "Lay—aft—to the port side of the quarter deck all of the liberty party," he repeated in a voice that could be heard throughout the ship. The chief bosn's mate forward and the master-at-arms on the berth deck below repeated the cry and in a moment a number of men in seamen's or petty officer's uniforms ranged themselves in a line along the quarter deck. "You will be on board tomorrow morning at six bells," said the officer of the deck as he checked the names of the party from a list handed him by the ship's writer. As each man's name was called, he touched his cap and went over the side into the launch that was waiting.

Among the party was John Jones, bosn's mate, starboard gangway. It was the starboard watch that had liberty and Jones, having been continuously on board for six months and having worked himself from the fourth conduct class up to the first was again entitled to liberty as "frequently as his duties would permit" as the regulations said. John Jones was a character. His age was somewhere between fifty and a hundred as "Jimmy Legs," the master-at-arms had once definitely remarked. According to some of his cronies, Jones had sailed in the "Essex" although this was hardly probable. One thing was certain, Jones was the oldest seaman aboard. His hair was grizzled and his face and neck seamed with many a deep wrinkle and scar. His skin was the color that the tropical sun produces and his hands were haired and tattooed beyond all resemblance to anything human. Jones was a splendid seaman but had the seaman's failing. He could not leave liquor alone. Jones' tender spot was his recollection of the Civil War. He had seen hard service and had served aboard the "Hartford" at Mobile Bay. Regularly every six months, Jones purchased a check from the Paymaster and forwarded it to pay his dues in the Grand Army Post in New York City that he belonged to. Every Sunday at inspection or at the monthly muster, Jones wore conspicuously displayed, the G. A. R. badge, one of the few emblems permitted by the Navy regulations to be worn. On ordinary occasions Jones wore in the corner of his rolling seamen's collar the little button of bronze that also designates the Grand Army man. He wore it as he stepped over the side and joined the liberty party in the launch. On the way ashore, the men discussed the feeling that had been displayed by the Chileans and the possibility of their being attacked by the "Esmeralda's" crew, who had been engaged in an altercation with some of the "San Francisco's" men a few days previous.

Jones sat silently listening. In his capacity of ship's oracle he seldom said anything. Some of the men were discussing the best plan to pursue. Finally Jones spoke "Keep together, boys. If we do, there's no reason why we can't lick the whole of Valparaiso. I'd rather like the job," he added, for Jones had the American seaman's contempt for anything not Anglo-Saxon and the old sailor's love for a quarrel of any kind. There was no hostile demonstration on the part of the Chilean sailors when the "Baltimore's" men landed and they soon scattered in small groups along the water front. Jones, unsociable old barnacle that he was, had no company. He headed straight for the first saloon and drank deep and long. It took considerable liquor to affect Jones and the various stages of intoxication he passed through before becoming helpless with drink were well marked. First he became talkative, then quarrelsome, then wildly hilarious, finally succumbing to the lethargic influence of the alcohol.

He had worked his way by easy stages to the "Calle de la Independencia" and was drinking in a saloon a few doors from "Snug Harbor." He had arrived at the second stage of his inebriation. A Chilean sailor with the name of "Esmeralda" on his cap was drinking at the bar. In moving back from the bar, the Chilean stepped on Jones' toe. "Get out, you Dago," said Jones, shoving him away. "Why you call me Dago, Senor?" asked the Chilean. "Why," said Jones, "don't you say 'si'?" "Si, senor,' replied the Chilean. "Well, then, if you say 'si,' you are a Dago and that's all there is about it," returned Jones with a lordly wave of his hand. The Chilean's face flushed. There were many in the saloon who had heard and understood the sneer. The Chilean sailor felt the contempt in Jones' voice and resented it. With a muttered imprecation in Spanish, he sprang toward Jones, a drawn knife in his hand. Jones' action was characteristic. He grasped by the neck the heavy bottle from which he had just poured a drink and as the Chilean came within reach, floored him with a heavy blow on the head. Jones glanced around. The Chileans in the saloon were about to attack him. Grabbing a billiard cue from a table, he broke it over his knee and, grasping the heavier piece, sprang for the door. No one barred his progress and he gained the street. Looking hastily in either direction, Jones blew a long shrill note on his bosn's whistle. He might as well have saved his breath. There was not a shipmate in sight. All about him were gathering excited Chileans. The sailor who had been floored with the bottle now appeared and in a few excited words told his story to his friends. With a cry of rage some twenty men sprang toward Jones, many with drawn knives. "Come on, " said the imperturbable Jones, "come on, you cowardly Dagoes! A man that fought the 'Merrimac' isn't afraid of all the Greasers that ever walked. Take that," he added, as one sprang too close. Rapping him on the head with his club and springing back, Jones drew a revolver from the breast of his shirt. The Chileans hesitated. No one wanted to be the first man for there was "shoot" in the manner of the American.

A few feet away from Jones, as he stood at bay, Bill Compton leaned idly against the door-post of "Snug Harbor." The altercation between Jones and the Chileans attracted his attention. Still it was none of his affair, brawls were common enough. "Another sailor with a broken head," thought Bill, almost turning away, when the drawn knives of the Chileans told him that it was no ordinary quarrel. Familiar with the Chilean nature, he knew that the sailor must battle for his life. Still no thought of interference crossed his mind. Jones' exclamation about the "Merrimac" arrested his attention. "A Yank," said Bill to himself. "Well, Yank, you've got a fight on your hands." Just then a well-thrown paving stone struck the revolver from the hand of the redoubtable Jones and he turned around retreating a few steps. The Chileans sprang forward. As Jones turned, the afternoon sun struck the G. A. R. button he wore at such an angle that it flashed a

gleam to the eyes of the watching Bill. "A sure 'nough Yank," thought Bill, recognizing the button. "A brave man, but a goner." Then like a flash came back to his memory the grateful remembrance of the kindly Yank who had shared his ration with him when Lee surrendered. "Here, Yank," he shouted, "git in hyar." Jones glanced about. It was just in time. He sprang through the door just as the laconic Bill with a revolver in each hand faced the pursuing crowd. "Get back, quick!" said Bill in Spanish, and the crowd retreated before the deadly revolvers. With a quick movement,he slammed the door and dropped the heavy bar that secured it. The windows and door were covered with heavy iron bars. For a time Jones was safe. "This way, Yank," said Bill, leading Jones through a back door. "Put on this old coat and hat. Go through that alley and get aboard ship lively. There's big trouble about. Stop right there," he added as Jones attempted to thank him in his gruff way. "You're a Yank. I'm the rankest kind of Secesh. You'uns whipped we'uns fair. I knew you by the button. Now git." Jones recognized the value of time. He got.

The smart officer of the deck aboard the "Baltimore" was considerably surprised when John Jones, boatswain's mate, stepped on deck and reported, "Returned on board, sir." Never before in the memory of anyone in the service had Jones returned to the ship in a condition to report himself. "What's wrong, Jones," said the officer, ackowledging his salute. "Nothing, sir," returned Jones, "I saw all of the beach I wanted to, sir."

Jones went below and was soon in deep conversation with Jeb Parker, the sailmaker, who was an expert tattooer. Two weeks later anyone watching John Jones as, stripped to the waist, he bathed under a stream from the deck pump that a shipmate turned on him, might have noticed that the only patch of skin on Jones' body that was not tattooed had been covered. A tall man in Confederate uniform and a shorter one in blue sailor dress that looked somewhat like Jones were indelibly depicted in Jeb Parker's best style. They were represented as shaking hands. Underneath was shown a G. A. R. button as large as a silver dollar. The war was over.

Meanwhile Bill Compton had returned to his saloon. He opened the door and stepped behind the bar. "Come in," he said to the crowd outside. "Have a drink. It's my treat. That was a friend of mine." Bill's explanation satisfied the crowd.

# Chapter Three

Being the last day's journey in a trip from San Francisco to Lake Tahoe.

At five o'clock you turn over and wonder where in thunder you are. Then you blink your eyes, for as you raise upon your elbow to find out, you see the sun is just coming around the corner of yonder mountains, and sending an extremely bright and penetrating beam into your eye. And then with a start you remember the night before, the tired horses, the red barn, the hotel on the side of the mountain, the dining room with the inevitable summer girl, the hot dinner that seemed so filling, and lastly the little room under the eaves containing one bed, one chair, one stand, and one picture of Washington.

After these thoughts have tread upon each others heels, chasing themselves through your brain, you fall back on the coarse little pillow and drowsily try to think. After thinking of almost everything to no purpose, you consider the matter of getting up. This takes a great deal of judicial thought. Finally, however, the thought becomes a fact,and, as you try to find your way downstairs, you wonder if the barn is still stuck to the side of the mountain where it was last night, or has it slid down to the valleys below?

And now you are out in the cool, bracing, morning mountain air.

"Br-wr-wr-wr."

This is cold. You guess you'll go back and get a coat, but you don't, for can't you see all those mule whackers over there without coats? Then why should you wear one? Absurd.

Ah! The barn is still there! Singular, how these mountain people stick their dwellings on the sides of mountains, as tho' they were sticking advertising matter on a billboard.

Your mare is in good fettle after her oats and rest, so you go to breakfast. Hallelujah! the summer girls are not yet up or down, as it may be. Perhaps you will be able to get away before they appear. But, Holy Smoke, look at them. Escape is now impossible. Naturally and according to all precedent, they ignore you, while you are engrossed with a problem of ham and eggs. Nevertheless you cannot help hearing in a stage whisper, "Say, what does C. S. M. A. mean?"

And you are still more deeply engrossed with that problem, but you glance down at your school pin and wish you could wear a big L. Ah! well, we all have dreams.

HALF AN HOUR LATER

Cisco is now way down the valley and you are once more singing "Boola Boola" or some other equally solemn anthem that will fit the rhythm of the one, two, three, four of your horse's hoofs as she walks up the long road. It is queer how a fellow will break into song, way out there in the wilderness like that. It makes no difference whether the song be a jolly college tune or a Methodist hymn. It seems to be the fact that it is good to be alone once in a while where nothing is heard to break the silence, but the "whir-r-r" of the quail, scuttling to her nest or the joyful "twee-twa" of a lark.

"Whoa! Whoa, there, steady, old girl, steady, that's nothing but a big band of sheep coming our way."

And you ride on up the road towards Summit. Heretofore, you have followed the road leading along the left hand side of the railroad, now you come to a crossing and look out on the other side of the snowsheds on an altogether different style of scenery. Instead of a narrow valley with a long rough road leading a lazy, winding way up the ravine, you suddenly look out across a wide level plateau to massive snow clad mountain peaks on the other side. You ride on till you approach a high bank of clay. Proceeding farther,

you discover the South Fork of the Yuba has been backed up by this wall and is Lake Van Norden, according to a large sign erected at the overflow. A queer sort of indignation seems to pervade your mind, at the thought of attempting to desecrate the works of nature with a lake so bold facedly artificial in its appearance.

And again you experience that feeling of awed reverence for those great hills, majestic in their grand and gloomy silence; a silence more profound emphasized by the "ka-thump—ka-thump" of your horse as she lopes easily along the level road.

But this does not last long, for you leave the water behind, and turn off the plateau into a narrow defile in the mountains, arriving at the Summit House. This is a great barn-like hotel by the railroad and is situated at the highest altitude on the railroad between Sacramento and Truckee.

The road, before, fairly good, is now over great granite boulders. Here it is that the festive Frat boys of U. C. and Stanford have inscribed their names, their addresses, and their Frat letters. Some have gone farther, and appended some sarcastic remarks relative to the character and ability of 'the other fellows.'

You have now reached a downward grade, the first on the road thus far. The quantity and position of the granite rocks in the road renders it a difficult passage to navigate. But you are confident in the prowess of your sure-footed mare, and so sit up and take notice, as it were. The road grows more rugged, the defile deepens and a cold wind blows in your face. Your mare snorts and throws her ears forward as if looking for something surprising. Ah! No wonder she was surprised. This must be the jumping off place. You look almost straight down, down for about a mile, then way off in the distance where the snow sheds wind along the mountains like a long black snake. You felt awed at the mountains before but the grandeur of distance literally lends enchantment. Way off, down in the valley is Donner Lake shining a clear blue in that mountain air. As your mare picks her way daintily among the boulders you again feel that elation of discovery of something hitherto unknown, although you know other mortals have been here before you.

After a long rough descent you come out on a level, sandy stretch of road that leads along by the side of Donner Lake. For four miles you follow the lapping of the gentle ripples on the gravel shore, stopping only once, to take a drink of soda water at Old Albert's. Albert, to all knowledge of people about Donner never had a proper name. Just Albert. He is a courtly old negro who lives by Donner Lake in both summer sun and winter snow. And as every one knows, Donner Lake country has the heaviest and coldest snows in the Sierras. So Albert's habitation is quite a remarkable residence.

And now you enter Truckee,---Truckee the great, Truckee the mill town, Truckee the railroad town, Truckee the busy. All this is as you had heard of it. But is it so? Although it may be great, it may be a mill town, it is a railroad town, is it busy? Let us reflect; you saw a man enter a barber shop down the street. But what else? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. You think it is the deadest hole you have ever struck. But it is twelve o'clock, and the cravings of the inner man, and we suppose, the inner horse, must be satisfied.

Truckee is naught but a long street parallel with the Southern Pacific tracks. At the farthest end of this street is a stable which you ride into. Whistle. No answer.

Whistle again.

A horse snorts somewhere in the dark interior and that is all.

Whistle again, louder and longer than before.

At this, a bundle of straw turns and heaves in a corner, and a voice issues therefrom:

"Wotcher want?"

After rousing the owner of the voice and procuring his promise to feed and care for your horse, you ask for a good restaurant.

"Th'aint none" rumbles the owner of the voice.

And you wonder if he talks with his stomach. Ah, yes, Truckee is indeed a wonderful place.

Nothing remains but to eat, so you enter a near-by hotel and eat something, you doubt if Heaven knows what. The reader will no doubt notice that I do not mention the name of this hotel, for I fear that if I did, the proprietor thereof would prosecute me for libel.

At one o'clock, you again go to this stable for your horse. This time it is impossible to rouse the voice or the owner thereof, so you search out your own horse, sadde up, get up, and pay up, to the owner of the voice who is now awake, and proceed towards Tahoe.

Passing a snorting donkey engine at the lumber mill your horse shies, and then you ride on beside the narrow gauge lumber road, up what appears like a common little valley, such as might be found in the coast counties, except for the roaring, crashing, grinding river that flows down the canyon. The Truckee River is, as you learn from the oldest inhabitant, higher than it has been for twenty years. For sixteen miles this road winds up the valley with an ever-changing but monotonous scenery. You hear a dull roaring ahead. That sounds like a water fall. You guess there must be a dam across the river up farther. Ah yes, there it is, the water sliding down over a large dam with sluice gates at one side. Your mare walks up the road till your head is on a level with the top of the bridge by the dam. And suddenly without warning of any kind Tahoe is in view.

Here is where you can't think for a while. The wide expanse of smooth water in the twilight,with the sinking sun lighting up the snow covered mountains on the edge of the horizon is wonderful. It is a peaceful scene and a different beauty of grandeur from the mountains by Donner and for the moment, you can think of naught but the sublime dignity of Tahoe, as you come upon her unaware in the dusk.

Your journey is almost done now, so you rumble across the bridge, over the roaring rushing waters of mighty Tahoe, and into a cool vista of rustling trees. It is becoming chilly and by the time you have untied your coat from the saddle strings, you can dimly perceive a low building of colonial style, which you recognize as having seen in advertisements as "Tahoe Tavern."

A servant holds your horse while you dismount and you find that your mare must go half a mile back to the stables. But your indignation soon subsides as you retire to your room to prepare for dinner, tired but thoughtful, for who is there, be he ever so jolly that would not ponder over a day's journey like this?

And now dear friends, our day's ride is over but we feel it our duty to take one more step and append this

Moral: Make the trip to Tahoe if you possibly can, but do not take the risk of entering an eating house in Truckee.

W. E. RANDALL.

# A Glimpse of Home

I dreamed that once more, study free,
  I roamed among my native hills,
Where patches of chemise brush brown,
  Mix with the dusty chaparral,
And manzanita thickets show
  Their branches, clothed in dark red bark.
Along the brook in yon ravine
  Snow-white azaleas gayly bloom
And give their honey-fragrance to
  The zephyrs passing to and fro.

The oaks stretched out their gnarled arms,
  And here and there madronas stand,
Their green boughs waving in the wind
  Showing their bark of dusky tan.
On yonder cliff the buck-eye grows,
  With scraggy limbs and blossoms white,
And laurels with their dark green leaves
  And branches straight as arrow-shafts;
And grey sage bushes try to hide
  The rocks and boulders scattered round.

Below, spread out in full array,
  Lay Napa Valley like some huge
And many-colored patch-work quilt;
  The wooded mountains stretch beyond,
Which form Sonoma's boundary;
  And to the south San Pablo Bay
Spread shining 'neath the sunbeams bright,
  Part hidden by the light blue haze:
And, farther yet, Mount Tamalpais
  Stood in the distance, grand and blue.

Then, as my gaze I nearer turned,
  I saw the canyon's rocky cliffs,
The eagle screaming overhead
  And soaring far with pinions free;
And, far below, the canyon's stream,
  Where trout played in the shady pools.
And tiger lilies, here and there,
  Shone out in loyal black and gold;
And, faintly borne among the pines,
  Came sounds of distant waterfalls.

And then, at eventide, I stood
  By the old farm house, once my home,
The lowing of home-coming herds
  Mixed with the cowboys' loud haloo.
The sun sank down behind the hills
  And bathed the clouds in golden glow.
Coyotes howled from the canyon's edge,
  A fox barked from the brush above,
And from afar the wildcat yelled,
  The owl's wierd laughter hailed the moon;
The sylvan voices of the night
  Proclaimed that nature ruled supreme.

Then I awoke to hear the sound
  Of streetcars grinding to and fro,
To smell the smoke of factories,
  And breathe the dusty urban air.
Instead of pine-clad canyon cliffs,
  I saw long rows of buildings tall;
The eagle's scream, so free and wild,
  Was changed for peddlers' varied cries,
Or fact'ry whistles, piercing shrill;
  And I began my daily work
And thought of the familiar scene
  Which vanished with that fleeting dream.

J. D. ENAS, '05.

# An Aerial Episode

John Morton, President of the Golden Hope Mining Company, sat in his office in the Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal., gazing gloomily out of the window. He was ten floors up and could overlook the adjoining buildings and see across the city to where the Mission hills meet the sky line on the south.

A cypher telegram lay open on his desk and beneath the cypher words he had penciled their meaning, "Have struck main vein, very rich and millions of it," followed by the name of the sender, the mine foreman. Under ordinary circumstances such a telegram to an interested person would not cause him to stare moodily at space, but that was what John Morton was doing.

Sixteen years before as a strong boy of seventeen he had commenced to earn his own living in the mines of his native state. Through the succeeding years he had learned his calling thoroughly, and the Golden Hope Mining Company, of which he was the organizer and principal owner, was the result. For two years he had labored early and late to interest capital in the growing hole in the mountain side, for the Golden Hope was not yet a proven success, but one of those seemingly sure probabilities, promising large results, that the most experienced mining men sometimes invest in.

A few days before John had approached Edward Read, a well known mine owner, with the intention of selling him, if possible, some Golden Hope stock. Edward Read had listened to his proposition and after some study of the matter had offered him a moderate sum for a ten days' option on his holdings of the company's stock. Pressed for money and despairing of being able to continue the development work at the mine much longer, John had accepted. Eight days had passed without communication from Edward Read and now, on the afternoon of the ninth had come the telegram telling of the success of the mine. The option expired at twelve o'clock noon the following day, but John knew Edward Read's methods too well to expect that he had paid out money without having some one at the mine to report and it was more than probable that he was already advised of the rich strike that had been made. "Tomorrow morning" said John to himself, "I will have the pleasure of selling a couple of million dollars for nothing, and then there is Grace," and at the last thought he bowed his head in despair.

Grace Powers was the only daughter of William Powers, an old time resident of the city, who had grown very wealthy by fortunate investment in real estate. Grace was the one bright spot in John's rugged life. A short time before he had told her of his love and been received with favor. Grace had told him that she cared for him and would marry him if the consent of her father could be obtained. She had promised her father never to marry without his approval and on his part he had firmly declared that she would not receive one cent from him if she did so. John had gone straight to Mr. Powers and stated his case with his usual thoroughness and honesty. Grace's father, forgetting that at the time of his own marriage he had been a clerk with twenty dollars weekly income, had pointed to his immense fortune and said that the man who married his daughter must have wealth equal to his own. This interview had occurred about two months before, and since John had seen little of Grace. Recently he had learned that Edward Read was numbered among her admirers.

John groaned and wearily drummed on his desk with his fingers.

Some one knocked at the office door. "Come in," said John, in a tone that boded ill for book agents.

The door opened and the lady of his hope stood before him.

John sprang to his feet, his face lighting with pleasure as he greeted her and then changing

quickly as his mind reverted to his troubles. Grace noticed the change and soon in answer to her questions her lover had told the whole story. As he finished two persons sat gazing thoughtfully out of the window.

"See the balloon,' exclaimed Grace, rousing herself and pointing far out Market street to where a large captive balloon rose tugging at the end of a rope, and then her face growing animated with new thought, she cried, "Oh John! I have an idea. Leave this affair to me and I'll save your mine."

John stared in wonder.

"What is the time?" continued Grace. John looked at his watch.

"Four fifteen? Can I use your phone? Hello Central. Red double two four three, please. Hello, is that Mr. Read's office? Is he there? Hello, yes, this is Miss Powers. Pardon my boldness in telephoning you, Mr. Read, but I want to go to Mrs. Kinne's tea at half-past five today and I haven't any escort. I'm sure you have a card. Will you go with me? All right, mamma and I will pick you up at your hotel. Good bye." and hanging up the receiver Grace turned a laughing and blushing face to the astonished John. "Be a good boy, John," she said, "while I am at the tea with Mr. Read and tomorrow afternoon you will know all about it."

A moment later the Powers carriage was conveying her rapidly homeward.

Mrs. Powers, assisted by her daughter, made a very rapid toilet. Mr. Read was waiting at the Palace for them and a few moments later the party entered the Kinne mansion at the fashionable time. Grace was the object of many admiring glances from the men present and the appearance of Mr. Read in her train caused comment among the ladies.

Grace used her opportunities to such good advantage that when the time came to depart the fascinated Mr. Read needed little urging to accept her invitation to an informal dinner more especially so, perhaps, because Mrs. Powers who was watching matters closely, warmly seconded her daughter.

Arriving at the Powers mansion Grace left Mr. Read in the library to talk to her father and sought her own apartments. "See if Harry is at home," she said to the butler, "and ask him to come to me at once." *A moment later* her younger brother, a bright looking boy of sixteen, entered the room and an earnest conversation of some length ensued.

The dinner lasted well into the evening and it was plain to see from Mr. Powers cordial manner that he regarded Edward Read as a desirable candidate for son-in-law. It was his adroit management that a little later left the young people alone in the drawing room, where, after Grace had finished a well-executed song at the piano, Edward Read declared his passion and asked for her hand. Grace did not turn from him. Her manner seemed favorable to the success of his suit as she said, "You will have to have papa's consent, Mr. Read, and you want mine. Give me twenty-four hours to decide. Tomorrow evening, no, tomorrow I will tell you. Oh, Edward, I want to have a novel courtship. Won't you take me up in the captive balloon tomorrow morning and I will give you my answer there. Come to breakfast with us tomorrow and we will make an early start and get the clear morning view. It won't interfere with business. I know how you men have your affairs arranged from studying papa."

"As you wish, Grace," replied Edward Read, "but I must be at my office before noon, for I have a very important matter to attend to. Good night, I will dream of you and balloons."

"I wouldn't," laughed Grace, "Good night."

When Mr. Read had gone Grace sought her father who was finishing a quiet smoke in the library and told him of her proposed trip in the morning. Her father laughed.

"What answer are you going to give him, my dear?" he asked.

"You come along with us in the balloon and find out," laughed Grace as she said good night.

Next morning was a California morning, bright and sunny. Mr. Read came promptly at the breakfast hour. Mrs. Powers, to whom Grace's father had confided the state of affairs during the night, beamed over her coffee cup at him and young Harry seemed to regard him with more than usual interest.

The carriage soon conveyed the party, consisting of Grace, her admirer, and Harry to where the balloon was being exhibited.

After a cursory inspection Harry decided that he would not go up in the balloon and steadfastly declined although much rallied at by his sister. Meanwhile Mr. Read had been interviewing the owners of the balloon and had arranged that Grace and himself should be the only passengers. They entered the car and the aeronaut who accompanied them signified that all was ready. The balloon rose slowly.

"You are young to leave the earth, Miss Grace," said Mr. Read.

"Don't , please," remarked the aeronaut, "I've heard that before."

Edward Read looked at Grace, expectancy in his gaze. At that moment the balloon bounded upward at great speed while from below came a report like a pistol shot. The wind whistled through the car with the rapidity of the ascent.

"We're adrift," said the aeronaut, coolly. "Keep perfectly calm and we'll come down after awhile."

Edward Read looked once over the rail to the end of the severed rope dangling some five hundred feet below, then sank down in the bottom of the car in semi-collapse.

Meanwhile the aeronaut had climbed into the upper rigging of the balloon and unrolled the mouth of the huge bag above them releasing at the same time a small line that fell into the car below. Climbing down again he took the line in his hand and seemed to study the situation carefully.

Grace was holding to the car with both hands, her face flushed and hair streaming. Her eyes expressed excitement rather than fear.

The balloon was now over two miles from the earth. The aeronaut pulled on the cord in his hand and the ascent slackened. Soon they appeared to have reached the limit of ascent and were drifting slowly toward the south. The aeronaut appeared to be satisfied at the way matters were progressing and helped himself to a fresh piece of tobacco.

"You're all right," he said to Grace and then jerked his thumb toward the recumbent Read, who had drawn his coat collar over his ears he contemptuously added, "Cold feet."

"Will we be long adrift?" asked Grace.

"I can't tell, Miss, it all depends on the air currents. You see, I have to keep the balloon over the land. There's the Pacific Ocean," pointing, "and there is San Francisco Bay. If we land in either of them we will get wet. That's why I let her go so high, I think we will get down all right before dark.'

Edward Read, who had somewhat recovered himself and was listening, groaned.

"Man!" he exclaimed, "I will give you one hundred thousand dollars cash to get me down close to San Francisco within an hour. It means millions to me."

"One hundred thousand would be cheap, wouldn't it?" replied the aeronaut. "I'll get down as soon as I can safely. If you don't like that, jump overboard," he added, roughly.

Grace looked at her watch. It was eleven o'clock.

Slowly the balloon passed over the southern part of San Francisco drifting in the direction of the low lying coast hills and the ocean. The aeronaut looked anxious.

That same morning John Morton went to his office at the usual time and sat at his desk, not to work but to await the coming of Edward Read or his agent to close the deal on the Golden Hope option. He was thinking of Grace's action of the afternoon before and wondering if it meant any hope for him.

Gazing thoughtfully out of the window his eyes followed the movements of the captive bal-

loon rising slowly from its place a few blocks away. Suddenly the balloon seemed to bound into space. John started up in his chair. "The rope has broken, they're adrift,' he exclaimed and then smiled humorously. "Someone will get his money's worth of balloon" he said half aloud to himself.

John watched the balloon until it became but a mere speck in the upper air. He was interrupted by a much alive and very active small boy who put his head in at the door and yelled. "Xtra, all about the 'lopement in the balloon!"

"Here boy," said John, "give me a paper."

The urchin exchanged one of his damp sheets for the forthcoming nickel and departed. John scanned the startling headlines in speechless astonishment. "Elopement in high life! Grace Powers and Edward Read go up in a balloon together. The aeronaut said to be a clergyman. Accomplice who cut the rope yet undiscovered! Full details," etc., followed by an exaggerated account of the escape of the balloon and the finding that the hempen cable had been cut.

"So that is what Grace meant when she said I would know all about it tomorrow," he thought, "she's gone off with Read." Suddenly the idea came to him and his mind worked rapidly. John grabbed his watch, noted that it was nearly noon and in another second felt like doing a war dance about the office for the joy his thoughts brought him. "Bully for you, Grace," he found himself repeating, over and over again.

"Message for you, sir," said a telegraph boy.

John tore open the envelope and using his cypher book read, "Mine richer than first reported. Impossible to calculate value. Ore goes thousands to the ton," and the name of the foreman.

John looked out of the window to see if the balloon was still afloat. It had disappeared from view. As he turned again to the telegram a near by fire bell rang the hour of noon.

"God bless you, Grace" said John, "and make me worthy of you."

Turning to the telephone he rang up William Powers. "Hello, Mr. Powers, this is John Morton. Mr. Powers, I have just received assurance of the value of my mine. It is worth in the millions. I have enough now to satisfy you and I will be around to see you about a certain matter.'

"You are a little late," replied the voice of William Powers. "Read has run off in a balloon with her."

"That is just what I want to see you about," replied John. "I will be at your office in a few minutes."

A short time after John entered Mr. Powers' office and was closeted with him. Ten minutes later a loud laugh came from the apartment and William Powers slapped John on the back.

"I'll bet you are right," he said toJohn, "and I'll bet that young brother of hers cut the rope. They will get down all right and we will have a telegram from them before long."

While these events were transpiring in the city the balloon continued its slow drift oceanward. The aeronaut caused more gas to escape and sought a lower level, but the direction of the balloon's movement did not change.

Two hours passed and found the balloon approaching the crest of the low coast range hills and some thirty miles from its starting point. The long dragging cable trailed through the trees on the summit but did not catch. A scant three miles intervened between the balloon and the ocean. Grace looked at her companion, who had some what recovered himself.

The aeronaut continued to chew tobacco and watch the drift.

"Mr. Read," said Grace suddenly, and looking him squarely in the eyes, "I promised you my answer today. This is it; I decline to marry you. My husband must be some one I can respect and look up to. You have shown qualities today that no one could admire." Then, looking at her watch with a twinkle in her eye, she added. "As it is now far past noon I am sure papa will have no objection to Mr. Morton, especially as his mine is now worth so much money."

Edward Read made a movement toward Grace.

"Keep where you are," said the aeronaut threateningly.

The balloon drifted nearly to the ocean and then landward again. It was now near the ground. The natives of the country over which it was passing were following it. Finally a farmer succeeded in making the cable fast to a stout tree and the voyage was ended. The aeronaut brought the car slowly to the ground.

Late that afternoon Mr. Powers, waiting in his office with John Morton received a telegram from Pescadero. It read:

"Dear father: Landed safely here this afternoon. Will be home tomorrow. I am not going to marry Mr. Read. Mr. Morton can guess the rest."

GRACE.

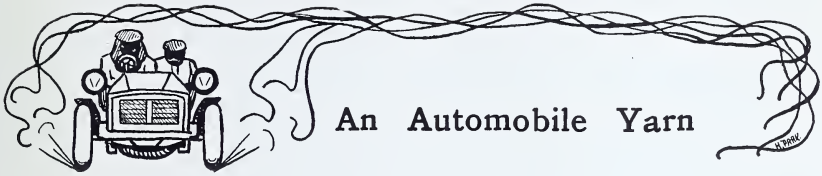
Mr. Powers took great pleasure in settling up matters with the balloon owners and they agreed not to prosecute Harry for his part in the affair.

The wedding of John Morton and Grace Powers a short time later was a great event in the city and among the many gifts and remembrances the bride received a large floral balloon sent by the aeronaut who accompanied her on her daring trip.

# Work

In grimy shops, not palaces,
Is heroism most often found,
There 'tis the *man* who toils and sweats:
His trumpets sound
May be the clang of anvil and hammer,
Of buzzing saws, or the noisy clamor
Of roaring mills.
Destruction advances with banners and drums,
Construction follows, but peacefully hums
Its song of Work.

ROSENSTEIN, '05



# An Automobile Yarn

"Say, Joe, come take a look at this valve,"I said, holding out a badly gummed exhaust valve to my racing partner.

"Holy Smoke!" he exclaimed, "that's the reason why she acted so funny yesterday afternoon; better look at number eight, it's on the same stroke as this one."

I opened number eight. "Well?" said Joe, who was bending over number one adjusting the inlet.

"Clean as a whistle."

"Well, then, it must be that lubricator working too freely again."

"I'll take it in about a quarter of a turn and see how she works then. How are your plugs?"

"Everything O. K."

"All right, then let's take her out and try these new adjustments because it's now very near eleven o'clock and we will be called on about two."

We rolled the huge ten-cylinder car out on the track. She was powerful and we fully expected to beat every record in the afternoon's meet. We had worked steadily on this car for eight months and truly she was a wonderful looking machine.

With the help of two of the hangers on about the track, we cranked her to the compression; then Joe and I climbed into our narrow seats behind the ten graceful cylinders which stood in a long straight row. I plugged in the spark switch and instantly the exhaust pipe spit flame, the noise and roar becoming more intense as the motor worked up to speed.

Slowly I threw in the clutch and in a moment we were speeding down the straight-away into the oval. I yelled to Joe that I was going to speed her up and I opened up the gas and at the same time raised my spark until I could no longer distinguish the "chug-chug" of the engine exhaust, but heard only a constant roar.

Soon the wind was tearing at my hair and pressed against my chest with crushing force, but I bent low and urged the motor to its utmost. I dared not look to either side, but gripped my wheel and looked into the road in front which seemed to be traveling toward me at a frightful rate. When we had been running about ten minutes, I threw out the clutch and gently applied the brakes, bringing us to an easy stop in front of the grand stand. With a few more adjustments and a careful looking over, we were ready for the meet in the afternoon.

In the third event, we were going to attempt to break the record for the time of any single mile in a twenty mile race. Our only competitor was the champion of the world.

* * * * * * * * * * *

All was clear in front of us and the champion's car at our right was pulsating like a demon as its great throat spit forth flame and smoke with a deafening roar. Then the starter's flag waved and we were off. The two cars crossed the line exactly at the same instant and approached the turn at an ever-increasing speed. I was on the inside and led around the turn. We came out on the long side of the oval and I could hear the rattling crash of his exhaust above the roar of my own machine. He drew up to me but I gave the motor new life with another touch of the throttle and the car leaped ahead and I held the lead. Again and again we passed the grandstand. Then we heard a shot, the starter's signal for the last lap. I knew we must do it now or

die in the attempt, so carefully but firmly, I pushed the throttle to its limit and was rewarded with a new burst of speed.

We passed the turn about together and came down the straight-away. I was a length in the lead at the five hundred yard mark. I felt that he was getting nearer but I could not look back, as I had to keep my eyes on the road or take chance of wrecking the car. Like a flash, I saw a white streak pass under the car and then I knew that I had finished.

I threw out the clutch and let the car coast until it almost stopped. We were a long ways from the judges' stand by this time, so I took the car around the track once more, and, at about a hundred yards from the finish, I pulled the spark switch and shut the motor off. As we drew up in front of the judges' stand Joe jumped out to learn our time.

"Well?" I eagerly cried, as he came back, elbowing his way through the crowd which collected about the car.

"Great, Ed," he said, "we made it in just 15:23:6 and our fastest mile was the ninth lap, 30 seconds!"

We had done it.

M.S., '05.

# For His School

A tall manly fellow came straggling out of the Principal's office with a woe-begone expression on his usually bright and cheerful face. He went to the top of the stairs and looked down upon a group of boys who were gathered in the basement talking. When they saw him, he was greeted with loud cries of welcome and noisy invitations to "come see the squad's picture in the *Gazette*." But his reluctance in joining them and the troubled, restless look in his eyes silenced the greetings of his comrades, for they saw that something was not just right with their football idol, Jack Whitney. Finally one of them, the team's captain, spoke. "Jack," he said, "what's the matter? What did Prexy say when he had you up on the carpet?"

"Well, fellows, I might as well tell you that there is no more football for me this year," said Whitney. A low groan answered him; then came loud inquiries and protests. When the crowd was a little more quiet, Jack spoke. "Fellows, I took a re-ex. in trig. yesterday and flunked, and now Allston won't let me play." The fellows gathered around, sympathizing with him and trying to cheer him up, but down in their hearts was a great fear, for who would take Jack's place in the final game?

But soon the coach came, and the crowd followed him down to the dressing room to prepare for the afternoon's practice. Jack looked after them with swimming eyes. "Hang my luck, anyway. I suppose I deserve it. This football has knocked all ideas of study out of my head. But I wish Kelly hadn't rubbed it in so hard," he said, and then with a long sigh he got his books and went to the car.

Down in the dressing room, there was a vastly different scene being enacted. Coach Kelly was bandaging a player's weak ankle, and, throughout the operation, loudly expressed his opinion of interfering teachers, etc. For Kelly thought of nothing but the team, and his whole peace of mind for another twelve months depended on the outcome of the big game. The removal of Jack

Whitney made a big hole in the team and there was no one who could fill his place. Jack had been the whole life and soul of the team in the preliminary games. The way he backed up the line and encouraged the men when on the defensive, and his smashing bucks and swift end runs caused him to be looked on not only as a fine player, but as a natural leader among his teammates and a winning candidate for next year's captaincy. Just then things looked rather dark to Coach Kelly.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It was the day of the game. The wet winter weather had stirred up the field into a black mixture which stuck to everything that touched it. In spite of the disagreeable weather, hundreds of people sat shivering in the grand stand. Soon, however, they saw something which caused their blood to move faster, for, from opposite ends of the grand stand, the two teams trotted onto the field. Cheer after cheer greeted them. After running a few plays the teams lined up and the whistle blew.

Big, long, lanky Cromwell, the captain of Centreville High School (Jack's school) kicked off. Glennon, of the opposing team, caught the kick and started to run it in. He only gained a few yards when he was downed by little Brown, the right end. The teams lined up, the ball was snapped back, and the game went on. Centerville did not seem to be playing up to form and their opponents crashed through their line for long gains. Zigzaging back and forth, the ball was carried. Suddenly the full-back of Hampden Latin School dropped back for a kick. He punted a clean sixty yards. The "green" substitute, who was taking Whitney's place, reached for the ball, missed, and it hit his shoulder and bounced to one side, straight into the arms of the on-rushing end! A wild cry of triumph burst from the Hampden rooters as the little end swept toward the goal with a clear field before him and twenty yards from his nearest pursuer. It was echoed by a still louder cry as he safely crossed the line. Again the cheers were given as the big full-back lifted the ball cleanly between the goal posts.

Centerville again kicked off and after a few minutes play, the whistle announced the end of the first half.

In the big dressing room beneath the grand stand, Coach Kelly was hurriedly going from one player to another, tending to their injuries and either lecturing them or giving them instructions. Suddenly he felt an eager touch on his arm. Glancing around, he saw the form of Jack Whitney clad in football togs and heard him begging to be allowed to go into the game. He started to argue, but the firm convincing voice of Jack and his own despair overruled his better judgment, and in the next half Jack went in.

As the team trotted on the field the rooters noticed Jack and loud roars rang out which quite offset the former feeling of defeat. Hope was in every heart. Off to one side of the main body of rooters, Mr. Allston, the Principal, leaned forward with a deep frown on his face. But, however, as the game progressed, the frown gave place to a look of satisfaction, for Mr. Allston loved his school and felt a great pride in the fine work of the team. And well he might feel satisfied for the team seemed to be filled with new life. They held their opponents on downs, then took possession of the ball and went smashing down the field, ramming Hampden's line and speeding around their ends. When on the thirty yard line, Hampden took a brace, and when it was third down, four to gain, the quarter was seen to drop back and clear a space on the ground, while one of the players rubbed the mud from Jack Whitney's right foot. The ball was snapped back and then it sailed straight and true between the goal posts. Nobody noticed the big guard as he crashed into Whitney, for all were intent on watching the flight of the ball, but when Jack stood up it seemed as though a dozen pile drivers were pounding in his head.

The game went on. With two points more than Centerville and with Jack Whitney staggering as he moved, Hampden had clearly the best of it.

But when, in the middle of the field, the full-back again dropped back to punt, Jack gritted his teeth and when the ball was passed, leaped past the man who tried to block him and gave a mighty spring into the air just as the full-back kicked! The ball hit him fair in the chest and bounced far back up the field. Quick as a flash, Jack started after the ball, and catching it on the rebound, sprinted for the goal. To the spectators he seemed to be flying, for the distance between him and his pursuers kept increasing. But to Jack, the white lines seemed miles apart and he seemed to be barely staggering along, a blue haze swimming before his eyes and an awful throbbing in his head while his breath came with short painful gasps. Unable to distinguish objects with his blurred vision, he ran squarely into one of the goal posts! Quickly recovering himself, he staggered a few feet farther and then all was dark.

When he came to,he was lying on a bench in the dressing room. The team were lying about, panting and tired, but all happy. Outside, the fellows were yelling like fiends, and Jack heard his name loudly cheered. Suddenly glancing up, he saw Mr. Allston and Kelly leaning over him. He painfully roused himself and said, "Mr. Allston, I suppose you've come to fire me. I did it for the school, so I'm willing." But the look on the Principal's face reassured him.

I. M. M., '08.

# Pat's Wooing

Oh, Mrs. Maloney, Oi really can't tell you
How awfully funny Oi fale,
For Oi niver before felt exactly the same,
From me think-box clane down to me hale.

Did yez ever git stuck wid a cork in yer throat,
An' a quare little feelin' as well,
Wid an itch at yer heart that yez couldn't quite scratch,
An' a friend that yez wished yez could tell?

If yez have, then yer know just the fix I am in,
An' Oi naden't go into detail,
But Oi think that wid care Oi will come out all right,
For there's cures which you know niver fail.

There's a dear little lady, Oi love 'er right well,
And it's 'er Oi am writin' this to,
Sure it's 'er I am dreaming of all the day long.
Who is it? Be jabers, it's you!

Oh, Mrs. Maloney, now won't you be mine,
An Oi'll work hard all night and all day---
Now what is your answer? You don't mean it!
Yess!!
By the bones of me fathers, HURRAY!!!

A
MERRY
XMAS
S.A. Aymard

# THE TIGER

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Exchanges address to C. S. M. A.


## Our Anniversary

Our school, one of the numerous gifts of James Lick to his fellowmen, stands as a fitting memorial of the generous, open-hearted citizen. It is one of the many tributes to the memory of a man who, by his broad-mindedness and public spirit, provided for the advantages and welfare of his fellow citizens.

Mr. Lick executed the deed of trust under which our school was provided for on September 21, 1875. Hindered by various means, the actual founding of the school was delayed, but in May, 1894, Mr. Merrill was engaged to draw up the plans for the building and in the following June he was elected Principal. The ground was broken for the buildings in July and they were ready for occupancy by the following January. January 3, 1895 marked the formal opening of the school. Since that time, the progress has been most rapid. Our school is now in the tenth year of its existence and not a day in those ten years has passed but what some new improvement or advantage has been added.

Although our years have been few, we can boast of a development which generally takes a school many years to accomplish, the development of the other phase of school life. How few schools could point with pride like ours to such a loyal Alumni, such an enthusiastic Student Body, such prosperous societies, such athletic triumphs, such genuine school spirit and love of Alma Mater when they were but ten years old. The athletic victories of the last few months are a fitting climax to a period which is marked by struggles

for supremacy conducted with the earnestness and endeavor that does not know defeat. We are proud of the history that has been formed in those ten years. It is the right kind of history, the kind that causes a student to flush with pride and to store up a greater love for his school and for those who have served her.

It is, then, with this feeling that we welcome our Anniversary. The period of beginning has passed. We have made our records and earned our laurels; we now set out with the determination to earn still more. In greeting this event, we will remember with gratitude not only the generosity of our benefactor, but we shall deeply appreciate the earnest efforts of those who have made our school what she is.

## The Tiger's Birthday

With the publication of this issue, we are reminded that it was just one year ago that the first TIGER made its appearance. In view of this fact, a brief account of the founding of our paper would not be out of place.

It was shortly before the close of the first quarter of the last school year that several students got together to try and institute a movement which would result in the founding of a school paper. The result of this movement was a meeting in which the entire school met and discussed the new project. The idea was received with great enthusiasm. Shortly after, the Editor and Manager were elected and Christmas, 1903, brought the first number. Including this edition, six numbers have been published since then.

Verily, these Christmas holidays bring a multitude of celebrations.

# The Performance of Josie G.

It was a fine June morning on the Chicago race track. The horses were out receiving their morning gallop and now and again one was "worked" through the stretch, which performance was eagerly watched by the row of trainers, grooms, and other racetrack gentry along the outer fence of the course.

In this row could be found all ages and classes of men. Some old and grey, with lines of care plainly stamped on their faces, while others were hardly out of their teens. Some had struggled up from the ranks of the stable-boy, while others looked to have been college men.

Standing apart from a group of trainers, who were discussing the merits of some famous racer or jockey, stood a tall young man who seemed to be thinking of something other than his horses, and was greatly worried. This man was Mr. Leonard,trainer of thoroughbreds for Mr. Castleton, one of the richest horseowners of the Middle West. Although he was trainer he was only under a salary, but was the recipient now and then of a present of a hundred dollars or so, from his employer, when one of the horses happened to win a big Stake or rich Handicap. But like most men in the sporting world, one month he had plenty of money and the next was bankrupt.

Now, very unfortunately, it just happened that Mr. Leonard's "bank roll" had become very short by a few poor ventures, almost on the eve of his marriage to Miss Otis. And to make matters worse, his best horse had gone lame. With this horse he had placed his confidence to win the Inaugural Handicap, and with him lame he must now fix his hope with his "green" filly Josie G.

The Handicap was only three days off, scarce time to give Josie a final trial over the one and one fourth mile course, and to have her fresh for the big race.

Cal, as Mr. Leonard was nicknamed, and every one has a nom de plume on the track, had decided a dozen times to tell Miss Otis of his financial embarrassment, and a dozen times he had decided to say nothing and to trust to Dame Fortune. Finally he mustered up the courage to tell her all, and left the track early that morning.

"Give the filly three quarts of oats tonight and have the blacksmith put on a pair of sharp "plates." I am going to try her in the morning to see if she will do for the Handicap. I suppose the old man," he said, referring to the owner, "will want to know whether he is worth a bet or not." With these orders to Henry, the foreman, he took a car for Miss Otis' home.

Miss Otis failed completely to see any reason why their marriage should be postponed or why her father should be notified, unless he asked of Mr. Leonard's financial condition. Truly it had been good enough six months before when Mr. Otis gave his consent to his daughter's marriage. At any rate she would wait till after the race Saturday.

The next morning when it was just light enough to see and before the "clockers," men who make a record of the morning performances of the horses for the book-makers, were on hand, a small bay filly was galloping up the back stretch. A group of three figures still dark in the early light were standing by the outside rail. One was Cal,another Henry,with Mr.Castleton in the rear. Josie was about to have her trial for the great race which was to decide much for Mr. Castleton, but a great deal more for Cal Leonard.

There, she has started and three watches clicked as she passed the quarter pole. So fast did she run that she seemed almost like a dark comet shooting out of the mist.

She had covered half her journey and the men had not spoken and now she was nearing the end. The stable boy, that gentry who exercises the horses and from whose ranks the jockey springs, was crouching low on her shoulders but still had

a good hold of the filly's head. Now and again her ears pricked up,a sure sign that a horse is not running its best. Cal held out his hat for the boy to slow down but in the haze he did not notice it and rushed over the finishing line as fast as he had started.

"What did you make it?" excitedly asked Leonard.

"Two-five, and running strong at the finish," said Henry.

That was enough; two minutes and five seconds for one and one fourth miles would satisfy any trainer. More than that, Josie was an unknown quantity in the betting ring, and the "educated money," the money from the every-day patron, would go in on the popular favorite, Jim Douglas.

Douglas had in a public trial a little later in the day, "worked" over the same course one and one half seconds slower. But he had carried about five pounds more weight. Could that five pounds make a difference of one and one half seconds over that particular distance? This is what Mr. Leonard was thinking of. But he must wait 'till Saturday for the question to be decided.

At last the day of the Handicap arrived. The "swipes," or grooms, as they are called on their gate passes, were everywhere discussing the race. Some favored one horse, some another, but as a rule Douglas was the most popular for the victory. A few liked Josie G. simply because with Willie See, the most fashionable "pilot," on her back, she was insured of receiving a good ride.

"See will take a chance and outgeneral the other boys, so I guess Josie will run for my two dollars," said one.

"If they beat old Douglas they can have my money," said another, and thus the argument ran.

Poor Miss Otis had worried herself into half a fever and after an exceedingly light breakfast had timidly asked her sire if she might go to the races that afternoon with the Jones'. He noticed that she looked rather pale but thought the fresh air would do her good, so gave his consent.

Cal looked a great deal longer than usual at Josie that morning as she stood trying to get a nibble of hay through her muzzle. No horse can do herself justice with a stomach full of hay or water, consequently Josie had the muzzle on this particular morning.

The morning wore away and already the special trains had begun to arrive with their loads of passengers. The jockeys and their valets had been locked in the scale room, where they made weight on their respective mounts. At the grand stand, bookmakers' clerks, pool boys and peanut venders seemed to be trying to outdo each other in the rush. The Handicap was the fourth race on the programme, for the fourth is always the important event. The first three races were sprints but they proved nothing out of the ordinary.

The next race was the Handicap. The old grandstand was filled to its greatest capacity by this time and the crowd stretched far out onto the lawn. In the stand Miss Otis sat, hardly noticing what was going on around her, but running the race over a hundred different ways in her mind.

Down in the paddock, Josie was being led around by her groom. Many remarked that she was well built, but what chance did a twenty-to-one shot in the betting have against the six-to-five proposition, Douglas. Mr. Castleton was emptying thousands, through his betting commissioners, into the ring on Josie, and gradually her "price" was hammered from twenty, to twelve, to six, to one.

A great gong sounded in the paddock, and the horses were led to their stalls, arranged according to their numbers on the programme, to be saddled. The jockeys filed out of the scale room to their separate mounts; of all that vast, excited, throng, they seemed to be the coolest.

Willie was called to one side by Cal and the "old man" and given his final instructions. "Get off with a running start, but do not make too much use of her the first part of it. Drop her down at the three-eights and watch me in the centerfield,"

Cal said, and Mr. Castleton added, "there's five hundred in it for you if you win," as he started again for the ring.

Most of the crowd in the paddock headed for the stand as the horses galloped to the "post," but Mr. Leonard crossed the track and vaulted the rail into the centerfield. From here he was to signal to See according as he was setting too fast a pace or too slow. Looking over his shoulder, he noticed the mighty Douglas nodding his head. Though ever so slight, this meant much, as Douglas was either a little sore if not lame.

Old Bedlam was turned loose as the horses reviewed past the stand and went up to the start. A few reprimands from the starter to the riders such as,"run through that barrier again and it will cost you ten," and "get that horse straight out there," and, with a br-rr-r, the barrier flies up and the racers are on their great journey.

Glendenning, a speed marvel for a half mile, was the first to show in front of the field, with Douglas second, and Josie back in the bunch. Willie had failed to get the running start.

Around the lower turn they swept with Douglas gradually crawling up on the leader. In the centerfield, Cal was giving See the signal to hold the position he was in; the pace was terrific and the leaders, he thought, must die.

At the half, Glendenning had quit and Douglas was now a length in front with Josie fourth. Around the far turn they rushed, seeming like so many toy horses to the crowd. Cal was now waving to Willie to move up if he could and excitedly watching his stop watch.

Douglas was noticed to falter. The second and third horses swung wide into the home-stretch. In an instant Willie had called on Josie to go through, for he must go the shortest way and to run around two horses would be to lose two feet at least. One grand effort and Josie was second, but there was still a furlong to go. Could she catch Douglas? Yes, she must. The other jockey saw Josie coming up and commenced to "hand ride" his mount.

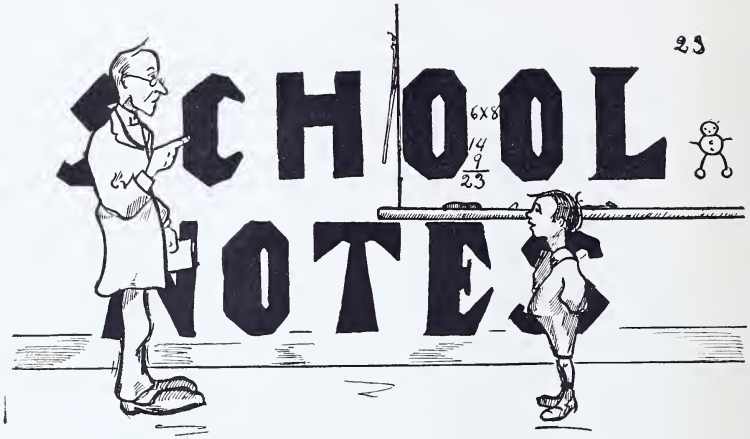
At the sixteenth pole, Josie was at his saddle girths. Then the boy drew his whip, which is the last extreme on a tiring horse, and it seemed for the instant that Douglas had responded. But the early pace he set had been too terrific and he faltered, defeated by a bad ride. Josie moved up and crossed the line, a full head to the good. Thus the Inaugural Handicap was run and won.

It was never made public how much Mr. Castleton won, but Willie See got his five hundred and Mr. Leonard received a welcome check larger than usual that evening.

The next Wednesday, the following notice was seen in the papers:

Married---in this city,Mr.C. Leonard and Miss V. Otis, both of Chicago.

And Josie accomplished more than winning a great handicap. G. H. Jr.




If you have ever played the game of "Gossip," you know just about how things get twisted, when passed from mouth to mouth. This was how, in the Special Alumni Edition of the TIGER some mistakes occurred. Two of these we are now able to correct. Miss Edith Stipp and Mr. Donald Short are not married, but they will be soon. Mr. R. A. Wilson is not in Honolulu, has not been there for a matter of four years; instead he is at Cavite where he is leading draughtsman for the steam engineering department of the United States Naval Station. If there are any more mistakes, we will take great pleasure in rectifying them, so if you know better than Dame Gossip please write and let us know too.

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Not very long ago, a great buzz and murmur rang through the school. The cause was traced to the arrival of a visitor, our former Math. instructor, Mr. Wise. In spite of being late to recitations, all the fellows had to shake hands with "Jimmy."

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On the nineteenth of October, Andrew Anderson died after a severe illness. He was a member of the '06 class and is greatly missed in the school.

The usual Alumni dance was given on the eighth of December at Golden Gate Hall. Like all of the Alumni Association's dances it was a swell affair and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

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The Alumni Association of the Lick High School gave a Leap Year Party on the evening of September thirtieth at Hinman's Hall. A special musical program was rendered between the dances. Those who volunteered to entertain were Miss Mary Scott, vocal solo, accompanied by Miss Eleanor Drew; Miss Emma Mowbray, recitation; Miss Eleanor Drew, piano solo; Mr. F. Altman, whistling solo, accompanied by Miss Porter. Much merriment was caused by the effective manner in which Miss Carrie Dinsmore, the vice president and Miss Grace Hortop, the corresponding secretary, assumed the prerogatives of young gentlemen and carried the affair to a successful close. Assisting these officers were Mrs. Jack Hammond, Miss Aida Burns, Miss Mabel Dolcini, Miss Sadie Flack, Mrs. Mary Kaeding, Miss Elsie Kelly, Miss Maude Flack, Miss Jeanette Comerford, and Miss Viola Bruckman.

Never before have the class lines been drawn quite as closely and precisely as they have been this year;'05, '06, '07, '08, each as proud as proud can be that he is able to shout his class numeral and be on the alert to catch and punish anyone daring to overstep the bounds of respect due his class. This feeling has concentrated itself into class football teams, and, as a result, there are football games to be had on any and all days of the week. Each class has a team and each team has a class whose honor is as dear as life.

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While speaking of class spirit we must not forget what the girls have done in order to keep it up. A few days ago a black and gold dog found his way into the academic building and being of an inquiring frame of mind began to investigate the school. He finally strayed into the sewing room and there with the hearty approval of the '07 girls and the consent of Miss Crittenden, he settled himself and went to sleep despite the fact that he wore a great placard marked '07 around his neck. At the end of the period the young ladies escorted him into their next class room and despite sundry whistlings and coaxings by the boys they kept him with them all day. He was a beautiful Scotch collie and the '07 girls may be proud of their mascot.

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The football jerseys for this year are decidedly unique. The "L" is smaller and is placed to the right side, "over the heart," as one of the boys said. You can tell a football hero a block away. It's queer that they all stand with their right hands thrust deep into their pockets.

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During a football game between the Cordova Club and the Class of '05, Jack Doughty, one of the '05 team, was severely injured, causing an internal hemorrhage. He was treated at St. Mary's Hospital and is now back at school with an ardent desire to get into the game again.

The girls' basketball field is rapidly being completed and before long we hope to see a match game played upon it. The field has been oiled until it is now in splendid condition. The bleachers and the remaining two sides of the fence are the only things required to finish the work.

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Owing to the increase in their program this quarter, having taken up Radient Energy and History, Course XI Seniors have dropped drawing for a short while.

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More than one letter has been sent by graduates and former students congratulating us on the Alumni Number.

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Miss Southwick was unable to attend school from the 25th of October until November 1st. During her absence, the Seniors in German spent an extra period with Miss Otto. Try to imagine German Grammar for an hour and a half without a break, and lunch after that.

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On the 15th of December, there will be a parting, but not a tearful one you may be sure. Our football team starts for Los Angeles on that date to play the Los Angeles High School for the championship of the state.

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Elmo Cope '04, who is now at Stanford, earned his place on the team which goes to the Lewis and ClarkExposition at Portland to represent the Pacific Athletic Association of California.

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Miss Adams has now returned from the East and once again are we "enjoying" history.

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The long-expected "bids" for the Senior Ball have arrived. The dance is to come off on the evening of Wednesday, December 21st at Cotillion Hall. The Class of '05 are always good entertainers and a dance is expected which will totally eclipse all attempts made by previous classes.

Miss Marguerite Belser, '04, is now in Honolulu.

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The Cooking Class gave the Faculty a Hallowe'en luncheon on Hallowe'en. The decorations were very unique and the girls deserve great credit for the original manner in which the affair was arranged.

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Mrs. Gibson, our former English teacher, visited the school on Dec. 9th. Most of our students will remember her as Miss Hefty.

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The Lick students have formed a theatrical circle and will attend the Majestic theatre every Saturday evening. The management has kindly agreed to reserve a certain number of seats in the balcony from which a splendid and unobstructed view of the interior of the handsome playhouse as well as the stage is afforded. The price of the seats agreed upon is fixed at 35 cents and a certain number will be held until 6 o'clock of the evening of the performance but they will not be held after that time. The Majestic is San Francisco's finest theatre and the policy of Mr. H. W. Bishop, its lessee and manager is to present the very highest class of royalty paying attractions. The Majestic Theatre Company is composed of the very cleverest of stage favorites and ranks among the foremost stock organizations in the United States. The attractions are changed every week and among the more notable productions now in preparation for an early presentation is to be mentioned Richard Mansfield's great success, "In Old Heidelberg." Members of the circle will please call regularly every week and secure their seats at the Majestic box office.

# A California Idyl

On Shasta when the sun sank low
And shone upon untrodden snow,
We watched the scene so shining white
Until the sun sank out of sight;
And far below us, in the wood,
The timid deer there listening stood,
He raised his head and sniffed the air,
Feeling that danger hovered near,
And hearing the distant bay of hounds,
Soon disappeared with graceful bounds.

RICHARDSON, '07.

# The Day We Celebrated

Monday, November 7th, will go down in the annals of the Lick School as a day never to be forgotten. It was the Monday following the Championship Game and was the day of the arrival of the Hearst Trophy at the school. Early in the forenoon, a poster announced the fact that the Cup would come that day and that a grand rally would be held to celebrate its arrival. At noon everyone connected with the school assembled in the hall and soon the building resounded with the noise of enthusiastic rooters. There was a little delay, and many rumors went about, some to the effect that the game was protested and we couldn't have the trophy, and others that some Oakland High School fellows had waylaid the messenger and swiped the cup. But, however, the meeting was finally called to order, and when Captain Hotchkiss appeared, carrying the trophy and surrounded by the members of the team, the noise fairly started the nails in the shingles. Cheer after cheer resounded as the little band proceeded up the steps to the famous Lick work-bench where the trophy was deposited. Then, in a short and very fitting speech, Captain Hotchkiss transferred the custody of the cup to the school. Mr. Merrill, on behalf of the faculty and the students accepted the cup.

He spoke of the fine work of the team, the splendid discipline of the Captain, the excellent service of the manager, the admirable work of the coaches and the fine support given the team by the rooters. He also mentioned the athletes of former years and commented on the struggle for "clean" athletics that has been carried on by Lick students. He concluded by saying, "We now have the trophy and I am as sure that it will remain here as if it was spiked down to the table on which it stands. But spiking will not be necessary. The team that goes into the field next year will be more effective than any fastenings and will, I trust, duplicate the performance of this year's team."

Then came the balloon ascension. Delirious with joy, the boys rushed for the team and soon a gigantic serpentine headed by the players riding on the shoulders of their fellow students went twisting and turning about the campus while volley after volley of cheers rang forth! It really was a remarkably joyous day.

# Organizations

## Senior Seminar

A meeting was held September 5 in the modeling room, with Mr. Kalmus representing the faculty, to reorganize the Senior Seminar. At the next meeting one week later, the constitution with a few alterations was adopted. It was decided to meet every Wednesday in the Physics lecture room, and a chairman, secretary and speaker ot the day were to be appointed for each meeting by the faculty committee.

The first regular meeting was called to order by chairman Doane. After roll call and the reading of constitution by the secretary, Donald Day took the floor and spoke on the "Cable Car System of San Francisco." His lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views made by himself,and covered the subject very thoroughly. October 19, Mr. Irving spoke on "California Petroleum," showing samples of the different grades of petroleum in the various stages of refinement, as he explained the process. Mr. Irving proved himself to be well-posted on this subject.

October 26, Mr. Hund lectured on the "Manufacture of Glass," illustrating with views photographed at the Abramson-Hewnisch Glass works. One view was nearly obstructed by what appeared to be some new variety of bug of huge proportions, but Mr. Hund explained that this was not a product of the blow pipe but simply a fly inside of the lens of the stereopticon.

November 2, Mr. Doughty spoke on the "Manufacture of Artificial Sandstone." His talk was brief and to the point, illustrated by the blackboard diagrams.

November 9, Mr. Enos explained the methods of manufacturing illuminating gas for the San Francisco supply. His answers to the many questions at the end of his lecture gave evidence of his thorough knowledge of the subject.

November 16, the meeting was especially interesting as quite a number of questions were debated and decided upon, and was made very lively by the strenuous way in which chairman Brown conducted it.

Mr. Erskine lectured upon the "Composition and Manufacture of Cement," detailing the various processes of manufacture. His blackboard diagram of a California plant gave a very comprehensive idea of the process.

On November 23, Mr. Rosenstein spoke on the "Beet Sugar-Industry of California."

Among the good works done by the Seminar is the purchase of a large canvass screen for the stereopticon. The program arranged for the coming sessions is both interesting and instructive and we anticipate a series of most enjoyable and profitable afternoons. The Seminars desire through this column to thank Mr. Kalmus for his interest in the work and his kind assistance to those preparing papers for presentation.

## Camera Club

The Camera Club are very busy now, being engaged in a new form of work, that is, the making of lantern slides for the stereopticon of the Senior Seminar. Considerable work has been done for the different teachers, principally on matter pertaining to their different departments.

After the Oakland game, the Club gave each member of the squad a large picture of the team.

The Club arranged two outings, both at Cataract Gulch, near Mill Valley. Extensive preparations were made, but the weather spoiled both affairs. However, the Club intends to give more outings, and, if they are like the trip up Tamalpias, they will be enjoyable affairs.

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## Debate

The Debating Society has existed now for three months and is a constant source of pleasure to those who attend. It is hoped that the students will take more interest in debate, especially the lower classmen. The attendance at present is limited to Juniors and Seniors most exclusively. The Freshies and Sophs are urged to enroll themselves among the members.

The Society sent three delegates to the convention of the Debating League of California, with which we are now affiliated, and they had a most enjoyable time. After the regular order of business, the students of Benicia entertained them with a dance and a banquet, and the people of the town gave them the freedom of the place.

Our Club is to meet the Oakland Evening School on Saturday evening, January 21. The tryout for the team resulted as follows: team, Chas. De Wolf, Arnold Brown, and Jerome Bariean; substitutes, Richard Pierce and George Howson.

There is a movement on foot to hold a series of inter-class debates. These debates would be of considerable interest and the spirit of rivalry created would be beneficial to the Club.

In the past meetings many keen contests have been witnessed. The debates have all been of a high order and the speakers have shown not only good preparation but considerable natural ability.

As quite a number of match debates will be held with the other high schools of the League, we trust that a great number will join the club and help turn out a team which will bring laurels to our school.

# The Healing of a Broken Friendship

Lanky Williams had just returned from town and was standing by the branding corral rolling a cigarette. He seemed to be waiting for some one was very much on the alert, for when the clattering of horses' hoofs were heard in the distance he threw away the unlighted snipe and walked briskly over to the big gate.

The hoofbeats came nearer and finally a troop of mounted cowboys came around the turn of the road. One rode foremost, the most striking in appearance of all.

"All right boys, you can wash up for dinner, now," he said, as they entered the gate; but he himself remained behind as he caught the meaning glance of Lanky's eye.

Jack Phenton was as handsome a young fellow as one could find anywhere. His dull gray eyes had of late taken on a sad and melancholy droop; but in his daily association with men placed under him he was always kind and lenient, and was liked by nearly everyone, although there were a few that misunderstood him.

"Say! Jack, Dukesbury is in town; I saw him today."

"Jim Dukesbury! So he's back in town is he? Well he knows the understanding, either he goes or I, but we both don't stay. I thought he'd learned his lesson. Wonder what brings him back anyway," and the speaker's eyes narrowed and he became lost in meditation.

"I'm sure I don't know, Jack, what has drawn him. He's not talking 'bout you nor drinkin' and you know 'twas drinkin' that spoilt his chance of becoming sheriff a year ago."

"Yes, and spoilt my chances of winning a girl," he said sadly without the slightest hint of anger in his eyes. "Do you know, Dick, she's never spoken one word to me since that affair in front of Morgan's store, when Jim Dukesbury insulted the Colonel's wife and I 'wiped out' my gun and let him have a bullet in the arm. I was kind of sorry afterward that I did it, he may have been a little tipsy."

"Is that the reason you and Miss Lester never speak any more?"

"Yes, that is it, I tried to explain to her but she wouldn't listen. She thought I tried to kill him, which I had no intention of doing. I aimed to punish him and I did. She said she had been mistaken in me and desired that we be strangers in the future."

"I remember now of hearin' the colonel and Miss Lester talking about the occurrence some days after. He said if he was there, Dukesbury would have had half a dozen shots 'stead of one."

"Oh! well. I guess it was just my luck. I'm glad you told me anyway, Williams, about Dukesbury, I'll be better prepared now," and he gently rubbed the handle of his six shooter.

Lanky rolled another cigarette and strolled off to the kitchen, while Jack turned toward the bunk-house.

At home the colonel's wife was waiting for him "It's time he was here now," she was saying to Miss Lester, but she did not pay any attention, and this caused her to look at the girl. Seeing she was lost in meditation she did not interrupt her. "I guess she's thinking about him again," the good lady said to herself.

The silence was broken by a knocking at the door. "Here he is at last. Hazel, please go to the door, I dare not leave this pie in the oven."

"Good evening, Colonel, your good wife has been waiting for you this half hour."

"Couldn't help it, Hazel, I was detained up town."

All through the meal the colonel was restless, just like a schoolboy who wants to tell the fellow across the way something and can't 'cause the teacher is watching him. Miss Lester did not eat her usual hearty meal and between the courses would lapse into a state of thoughtfulness.

Hazel finally excused herself and went up to her room. As soon as the door closed behind her, the colonel broke the silence. "Say Helen, do you know I kind of think that girl is brooding herself sick over Jack Phenton? It'll be just a year tomorrow since they cut their ropes. There's going to be trouble and lots of it, if Dukesbury ever meets Jack Phenton. That Dukesbury fellow never said much but he'll come back for revenge all right."

"I can't do anything with her, Joe. I'd like to see them make up; she loves him in spite of herself and I've noticed every time his name is mentioned she brightens up. Why don't you try your hand at peacemaking?"

"Well, I've tried to tell her that any man who was a man at all would have done the same as Jack did, but she only says in that commanding way of hers, 'Colonel Hooker, never open this subject to me again.' It's those eastern ideas she's got in her head that's going to cause her sorrow. I've noticed Phenton is losing interest in his work and would not be surprised if he threw up his job and left town tomorrow."

Next morning, men were standing in groups along the street telling each other in subdued tones that Jack Phenton was in town.

"You'd better stay aroun' boys, there'll be somethin' doin' before evenin'," Morgan was saying to a group in front of the store.

The crowds were growing as the time passed on. Up to noon however, nothing had happened. Phenton had been seen quite often along the avenue, but the impatient onlookers had seen nothing of Dukesbury.

About three o'clock a tall and rather good-looking fellow, dressed not in the cowpuncher's outfit, but in New York's latest, stepped from the doorway of Hotel Willcox. The men seemed to stir all along the line and the words, "There's Dukesbury, now," came floating down the street. But a look of disappointment came over the collected men. Dukesbury was not dressed for a shooting scrape. He carried no gun, or if he did it was not in sight, which was considered cowardly by the cowboys.

Jack had been standing talking to Lanky Williams across the street, and had not seen the figure in the doorway opposite, and although Williams had seen it he said nothing until the man started to cross the street.

"By George! there's Dukesbury walking over here Jack,—take your hand off your gun he's not armed at all."

Jack turned around and stood face to face with the man he had shot just a year ago. The savage look on his naturally handsome face blended into a look of surprise, for he found no fight in the fellow's eyes and no quick movement of the hand to the hip pocket. Instead there was a changed man, in fact, not the same Jim Dukesbury he knew a year ago. The hollow cheeks, the defiant curl to the upper lip, and the roguish glimmer in the eyes, had all disappeared.

Jack suddenly brushed the Stetson from his head, and with an outstretched hand advanced toward Dukesbury, who did the same and there amidst the sighs of disappointment which came from the groups, these two men, thought to be mortal enemies, shook hands.

"Phenton, I'm downright glad your're willing to shake hands with me. I know I was the cause of Miss Lester's throwing you off, but I've sworn to heal the breach between you and her if she is willing to listen to a disgraced man, and by all the good that's in me, Phenton, I want to thank you for the lesson you taught me a year ago. You woke me up, yes, you and that sweet face over yonder, taught me it pays to be a man and I've tried hard to do it.

Jack followed the pointing finger and saw a girl's face intently gazing upon them from a window in the Hotel.

"She promised to marry me tonight on the condition that I would make up with you."

"Let me congratulate you, Duke, you've proved yourself worthy of her already."

"And another thing Jack, I want you to be best man tonight, will you do it?"

"I'm highly flattered with the honor, Jim, but if I'm going to officiate, I guess I better be off to the ranch and get fixed up a little."

Dick Williams had not gone but stood a few yards away and Dukesbury extended an invitation to him also. Thus it came about that Dick and Phenton rode off together, to return at half-past six.

The crowds had disappeaed and when Dukesbury re-entered the Hotel there were no gazers to block his passage. He went up stairs wondering if Jack would live up to his word when he found out where the wedding was coming off.

It was not until a quarter to seven that Jack and Williams made their reappearance in town. Dick noticed two of Hooker's rigs drawn up in front of the Hotel.

"Say Jack, I thought this wedding was going to be in the Hotel."

"So did I."

"Well what's Hooker's rigs doin' over there?" In a moment it flashed through Jack's brain; "the wedding's coming off at Hooker's."

"What's that you're saying? At Hooker's! Why man, Hooker's would be the last place in the territory."

"You mark my word Williams, Dukesbury has got the thing all fixed up," and a smile lighted his countenance.

"Come on, Jack, they're waiting for us," and while the drivers were untying the horses, Dukesbury introduced the girl at his side.

When the "best man" and his partner were settled in the rig assigned to them, the former spoke. "This girl of Duke's, Edith Harrington, is a cousin of Miss Lester. I never dreamed of all this," he said, meaning the wedding.

Lanky Williams cossed his legs and nestled up in the corner. "I guess the next wedding we have in Wilcox, you won't say that about."

Williams was right. For, to use the colonel's expression, "Hazel Lester and Jack came back to their old pasturage" after the Dukesbury wedding at Hooker's and were married two months later.

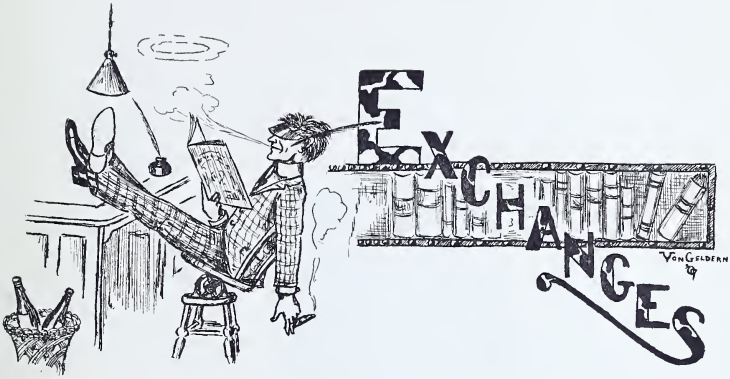
Phenton has laid aside the branding iron and the lariat and turned back to law. The Dukesburys live in New York, but pay occasional visits to Willcox where they are always welcomed by the Phentons. FRANK ALLEN, '07.

I.

Eighteen pounds of baby yelling all at once!
Hundred and eighty of Mama doing floor-walk stunts!
Exasperated neighbor praying kid will choke,
Only stone-deaf Papa can enjoy the joke.

II.

Eighteen pounds of baby yelling in it's crib!
Hundred and eighty of Mama washing baby's bib!
Neighbor shuts his window, best thing he can do;
Life sketch of matrimony, does it appeal to you?




We are pleased to acknowledge that for this issue we have received the largest number of exchanges since the beginning of the TIGER. We wish to thank the several editors for their part in the work and hope that the good work may continue.

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In our estimation the *Adjutant* of San Rafael publishes the best short stories of any of our exchanges. "The Private," the serial begun in the November issue is excellent and may be recommended to all. The editorials and the length of this number do not come up to the usual standard.

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The November *Janus* of Hanford, was received in good shape. As a whole it is a very well gotten up and interesting paper. There is one thing we would like to speak about and that is your exchange column. For your November number you have received about twenty-five exchanges but have criticised (half criticised) but five. In doing this you make a great mistake. Papers do not send you exchanges merely to have you mention them in your column but to have you criticise them in a way that will benefit them in their future issues. If you do not do this your paper is better without an "Exchange." We sincerely hope that many other editors will take note of this.

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The story "The Kidnapping of Sigmund" has a very weak plot and on the whole not interesting; "The Double Prisoner," however is good.

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*The Guard and Tackle* of Stockton has many faults, among which the jokes and advertising seem the worst. We do not care if our jokes are used, but please oh please, put the label "*Ex*" on them. As to the advertising, we think it very poor taste to insert a page of advertising in the midst of a story. Don't you think it would improve the general appearance of your paper if it was either in front or in back?

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The Alameda *Acorn* is a very enjoyable paper. Every department is successfully carried out, especially that of the Exchange. The story "The Mysterious Sentence" is excellent.

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The story telling department of the *Skirmisher*, San Mateo, has greatly improved and we entreat you to keep it up. The story entitled "Me and Me Dog" is well written.

The *Salute* of Portland has certainly fallen below the mark in their October number. With the exception of a short exposition on the World's Fair it does not contain one story. The material in the rest of the paper with the probable exception of a poor editorial column seems to have been used to fill up space. Now we do not like to criticise like this, but in our next edition we want to be able to say: "For an ideal paper look at the *Salute*."

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It is not very hard to see that if the *Blue and White* present many issues of the November type, they will soon become the standard of all school papers. The amount of information and practical knowledge one receives after reading this number cannot be fully realized until one has read the serial of papers now running, by Mr. Mallon, entitled: "The First Principles of Mining Engineering" and also the extensive editorials. Another thing we would like to call attention to is the way their exchange column is managed. They do not say that this paper is good or this one has a nice cover but say something and tell us what is the matter. Try doing it yourself.

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The *Normal Pennant,* of San Jose, is another paper worthy of praise. Your stories are exceedingly well written and retain the interest of the reader throughout.

What ever is the matter, *Dictum Est?* Make good.

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The *Wildcat* of Los Gatos, although sadly lacking in cuts is quite interesting.

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The Oakland *Scribe* is the most regular of our exchanges. It is well arranged and has several good stories among which "The Lost Trail" is the best. In the exchanges for August we find the sentence; "If we have been over harsh take it out on us when you write us up." We beg you to consider this statement. Is this what an exchange column is for? If so, may we never find it out.

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We are pleased to acknowledge the arrival of the *Russ* of San Diego. The cover is very artistic and appropriate. The serial story, "A Month in the Desert" is, so far, full of interesting adventures and happenings.

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Owing to the carelessness of the exchange editor, the *Kodak, The Mission* the *Recruit,* the *Review,* the *Lowell* and the *Humboldt* can only be mentioned. We hope to hear from you in the near future.

## One-thirty A. M.

I heard a noise in my sleep
Which nearly brought me to my feet:
Was that a cry! Was that a groan!
Had a suffering brother's spirit flown!
Again it came, came louder still!
Then I recognized Smith's old wind-mill.

# ATHLETICS.

# Lick's Athletic Record

Champions! With that word ringing in our ears, we left the field after defeating Oakland for the Championship of A. A. L. Never before has such an athletic record been made by any school. In a year we have won two A. A. L.field days, putting out one of the best track teams ever seen on this coast. We won the Football championship and we were only defeated in Baseball after a hard struggle in the final game.

Our total points scored in football were 89 in four games. Had not Mission, Wilmerding, and San Rafael defaulted, we would have added at least 100 or more points to this score.

On the 17th of December we will play Los Angeles for the championship of the Pacific Coast, and hope to add another cup to our collection. We are sorry that Smock will be unable to coach us for this game and his loss will be keenly felt by the whole school. In his place we will have a splendid substitute in Cavanaugh.

Smock deserves a great deal of credit for turning out a winning team; he worked hard and faithfully to accomplish this end. He had the team in fine physical condition as was shown in all the games we played. We have hopes that he may coach us next year, although at present it seems impossible for him to do so as he is going to work on an engineering job in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Although we lose heavily by graduation, we will undoubtedly have a crack team next year and again annex the championship.

# Football

### The First Lick-Poly Game

The first football game with Polytechnic was played on Friday afternoon, September 23. Realizing that the game with "Poly" would be the hardest fought of the season, the team went to the Presidio Athletic Grounds with the determination to play the game of their lives and do their best to bring the first victory to their list. At the entrance to the grounds the keeper told the boys that on account of the rain it would be impossible to have the game played on the regular field. After discussing the matter it was finally decided to have a new field laid off. This was a disappointment to the Lick men as Moullen would be unable to try for field goals. However the Tigers led by Captain Hotchkiss ran out onto the field to run through signals and get their final instructions before the official's whistle announced the first kick off. Never before were two preparatory school teams in this city more evenly matched. The teams were supported by rooting sections bearing the colors of their respective schools. The game was marked by fierce but fair attacks by either side on the line. On account of the sloppy field, end runs were harmless and the teams were forced to play straight football. During the first half Lick often had the ball on Poly's 12 yard line but were unable to score. In the second half the ball was more in Lick's territory. The game ended with honors equally divided after one of the best played games in the history of Academic Athletic League. T. B. SMITH.

## Lowell—Lick Game

We played Lowell, our old time rivals, at the Presidio Athletic Grounds on the 1st of October and for the first time in the history of the school, defeated them. We expected a very hard battle as two of our best men were out of it, Moullen and Hall. Therefore we had no idea we would beat them as badly as we did.

The game started with Lowell kicking off to Keenan, who advanced it 5 yards before being downed. Then we started our machine to working, taking the ball within 12 yards of their goal only to lose it on a fumble. They kicked---back we brought the ball only to lose it on their 6 yard line by a penalty. Again they kicked. On our first play, Dietz, our half back, fumbled, Crow picked it up and ran 25 yards to a touchdown. Dietz kicked the goal---Lick 6; Lowell 0. The play of the rest of the half being about the same, the score was at the end of the first half, Lick 16; Lowell 0.

In the next half Seminario went in, taking Merritt's place; Merritt being the best half-back we had, we did not want to run the risk of getting him hurt after we had the game won. This half was not sensational but simply straight football, good work being done by Main, Dietz and the rest of the team. The score at the end of the game was 30---0 and should have been larger, as we had the ball within a foot of their goal when time was called.

Cerf, Lowell's captain, played a star game.

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## The Second Poly Game

On October 14th the game with Poly, which settled the tie game earlier in the season, ended with a score of 4 to 0 in favor of Lick. The four points were made early in the 1st half by a beautiful place kick from the 35 yard line, by left guard Moullen. The traditional rivals fought the game through with the fierceness of terriers. They not only had an old enmity and much bitterness to settle, but the winning of the trophy depended on this game. When the two teams met, the struggle was terrible with utter disregard of the physical consequences. The game was played on a muddy field, which prevented one of the most sensational games ever played in California. So evenly were the teams matched that neither team could gain more than a yard against the other even by the most terrible kind of line plunging. Towards the end, the Poly men played like wild men in their frenzy to make a touchdown and all the harder fought the Lick men to prevent them.

At the start, Moullen kicked off to a Poly back who came up the field only to lose the ball on a fumble. This was Lick's ball and her chance to score if she could outplay her opponents, for the ball was only 23 yards from Poly's goal. After four attempts, Lick barely made her yards, but lost the ball on a fumble. Bonifield punted down the field with a long punt. Back came Dietz on the first of his long scattered field runs from a kick. Lick attacked the line with a vim, but was stopped and Poly got the ball on downs. Far down the field Bonifield punted and again Dietz returned with the ball. In two attempts Lick made no gain, and there on the 33 yd. line she tried a field goal that looked practically impossible. Lick made it, however, by the successful effort of Moullen, ever sure passing of Hotchkiss, and placing of Dietz. After this neither team came within scoring distance till Poly in her final effort came on the 12 yard line, only to lose the ball to Lick on downs just as time was called.

In the first half there were 60 plays; in the second half 56. Lick had a little advantage in the kicking game. The Lick kicks in sequence were 45, 39, 45, 33, 28 and 33 yards, or a gain of 223 yards from 6 punts, not including the place kick. Poly's kicks were 32, 40, 22, 29, 40, 30 and 28 yards, or a total of 221 yards in 7 attempts. Where Lick excelled was in running in punts.

The A. A. L. Champio ship Team

Lick fumbled and lost the ball three times: Poly fumbled four times losing the ball once. The teams weighed approximately the same. When the final sound of the whistle found Lick a victor delirious and feverish enthusiasm took possession of her supporters and it was probably the noisiest and most frenzied crowd that ever went home from a preparatory school game.

T. B. SMITH.

## SEMI-FINAL

### Palo Alto vs. Lick

In this game every man, with no exception, played a star game. When we went on the field, we thought we would have to play our heads off to win and were determined to do so. A talk by Cavanaugh and Smock had put spirit into the men and they had resolved to die fighting.

To show the strength of the Palo Alto team so we will get all the credit we deserve for winning, they were defeated by the Stanford Freshmen by the small score of 6---0, after a hard contest in which Palo Alto came near scoring.

On our first play, which was our side line play, Merritt scored a touch down by fine interference and head work. They kicked off to us, and we took the ball, and on our shift play made another touchdown. Good work being done by Snell and Merritt, we raced up and down the field a few more times before the half ended. Score at the end of first 20 minute half, Lick 26; Palo Alto 0. In the second half we played a great many subs which accounts for our scoring 12 points. Throughout the game, the fellows played like veterans. In fact they played at least 50 per cent better than they did in the Oakland or Poly Game. In the game, neither side was penalized, which shows what a clean game it was. Many people said it was the best prep. school game they had ever seen. Score at end of game, Lick 38, Palo Alto 5.

## CHAMPIONSHIP A. A. L.

### Lick vs. Oakland

In this game the Lick men went in overconfident, thinking they could beat Oakland easily and only wondering how big a score they would be able to run up. By an unfortunate accident after the first few minutes of the play, Snell, our full back was knocked out of his head, but played the rest of the game; therefore we were unable to try any of our trick plays for fear he would spoil them, and cause a loss rather than a gain. Oakland got within 20 yards of our goal by poor handling of punts by our back field, penalties and poor kicking by Moullen, but there our line held like a stone wall, and they were thrown back for a loss. Again in the first half they came within that distance by the same means, only to have the ball taken away from them on downs. The first half ended with the ball in the center of the field, the Lick team playing like a grammar school team.

In the second half the fellows went back on the field, after a--------!! by Cavanaugh and Smock, resolved to win, which was immediately shown by the way they began to play. Oakland kicked off to us and after an exchange of punts, we took the ball 95 yards to a touchdown, on bucks by Snell, Merritt and Main. Moullen kicked the goal. Score, Lick 6, Oakland 0. After this the fellows loafed for a while only trying to keep Oakland from scoring, which was easily done, as Moullen had found his kicking foot, and was booting the ball 50 yards. One of his kicks was 65 yards, not counting the roll. About 10 minutes before the close of the game we decided we would like another touchdown, so we bucked the ball 75 yards down the field. Hall, who had replaced Seminario did some good work. Moullen missed the goal. Score, Lick 11; Oakland nix. In the game had it not been for poor handling of punts by our back field, our goal would never have been in danger. Oakland, on the other hand, handled punts finely, but this was the only point they excelled in.

Jackson, for Oakland, played a star game and he has the utmost respect of the whole Lick team for his gameness and sportsmanlike conduct.

To show the splendid condition of the Lick team, they only took time out once during the whole game while Oakland took time out at least 30 times.

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## The Team

Coach Smock

Capt. Hotchkiss, who led the 1904 team to the championship of the Academic League, has proved himself to be one of the best prep. school centers of his weight that I have ever seen on the gridiron. He has all those qualities which go to make up a first class center; namely, speed, grit, brains and the "never-say-die spirit." His passing of the ball has been accurate and of the highest order. No captain could have set a better example to his team of hard work on the field, both in games and practice, than Hotchkiss did.

Moullen, as a guard, though handicapped by lack of practice at the beginning of the season, played a very hard aggressive game during the latter part. He had been very valuable to his team in the kicking department, as he has developed into a first class place-kicker and at times has punted with exceptional ability.

Keenan, the other guard, has played a very hard consistent game throughout the whole season. He is not the kind of man that will be a bright light on the field, but is much more to be relied on than a spectacular player, and can always be found at the bottom of the heap when the plays are directed against him.

In Bill Main, Lick has a tackle that has clearly outclassed every opponent that he has played against. Aside from being strong in his own position, when he is called back to take the ball or run interference, he goes with so much dash and viciousness that he carries everything before him. When we consider the consistent ground-gainers, Main, to my idea, is as good as any man in the Academic League.

"Brick" White possesses the same traits which make his brother tackle famous, with the exception of not being as good a ground gainer. At his position, he is strong on both defense and offense, is always on the lookout for fakes, and follows the ball closely.

At ends, Lick cannot be considered exceptionally strong, except in the case of Benny Schmidt, who is undoubtedly a far better end than either O'Connor or Deaken. Schmidt is a hard aggressive player, but has the one fault which makes O'Connor and Deaken weak on the defense and that is of mixing too much on line plays when on the defensive.

Lick has been very fortunate in having such good material for a back field.

Merritt, as a half, is considered to be one of the best backs in the Academic League. He is a hard sure line bucker, runs interference well and is especially strong on defense.

Snell, at full back, is another man who has made many admirers by the hard aggressive game which he has played at both defense and offense.

Seminario, although hampered by lack of practice, played a strong steady game. He is good on defense and on end runs and stays well with his interference.

Dietz has played a very brilliant game. In running ends and handling punts, he is undoubtedly the best man in the league. He has been very valuable to his team on account of his kicking and is to be reckoned among the best of the League's punters.

Golcher at the quarter back has played a good game. He has used remarkably good judgment in handling the team.

Hall has been very unlucky in having been handicapped by a badly sprained ankle which he received in the first Poly game. However he has shown remarkable aptitude for the game and next year should develop into a very strong player.

THE TRICK PLAY (By Which Lick Gained Thirty Yards on Oakland)

A. A. L. Champion Track Team

# Track

### A. A. L. Field Day

After losing the B. C. L., nobody thought that we had a chance to win the A. A. L. but nevertheless we managed to pile up just three more points than Oakland. The men mainly responsible for this were Moullen, Mayes and Dodson; Moullen making 15 points, Mayes 6, and Dodson 5, which was nearly enough to win. The performance of Moullen was wonderful, as he broke the pole vault record, making 10 feet, 10 inches, and won the shot-put and hammer-throw. Mayes also deserves special mention as he ran second in both the half and the mile. His whirlwind finish in the mile, as he tore up the stretch and passed the Oakland man who was leading him, was one of the grittiest performances ever witnessed on the U. C. track. Dodson annexed first place in the half in fine shape. O'Connor, Heitmuller, Mel, Rogers, Thompson and Doane were the other members of the team, and between them, they earned enough more points to make Oakland's chances blue.

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Fred Moullen, whose work practically won the A. A. L. for us, is the man selected to lead his team to victory next spring. Mel will be the manager. We hope to see an endless chain of scantily-clad youths loping around the Wilmerding track when the spring training commences.

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We are sorry to lose Coach Powell, as he has done a great deal to help athletics at Lick. His work has been faithful and he has devoted all his energy to developing his men. But we can assure him that we appreciate his efforts, for he alone is the cause of our winning the championship twice in succession. It was with sincere regret that we learned of his intention of leaving us. It will be a hard matter to fill his place with one as proficient in his line as he is.

# Baseball

Our outlook in baseball is very bright this spring as we still have seven of the men left from last year's team. Captain White will undoubtedly turn out a winning team, as he is a hard worker. Last year, the principal weakness in the team was the inability of the men to hit the ball.

As Mr. Merrill is putting up a batting cage, we will be able to remedy this defect, and thereby strengthen the team greatly. There are a great many new men in school who play baseball, who may be able to beat some of the old men out of their positions. We hope to see a large squad turn out when regular practice begins.

# Basket Ball

## Girl's Team

Our girls are busily practicing in their new grounds. Miss Caubu, the captain, is the only one remaining from last year's team, but the good training will probably develop as fine a team as the preceding ones. The work of Miss Caubu, Miss Houston and Miss Winchell has been exceptionally clever. At present, the squad consists of the following: Goals, Miss Houston, Miss Caubu, Miss Knell, Miss Duckel; Guards, Miss Shorton, Miss Harrison, Miss McKeon; Centers, Miss Sells, Miss Roos, Miss French, Miss Lyons and Miss Kilday.

Much credit is due to the clever coaching of Miss Southwick. Her advice and instruction, coupled with that of several alumni players, has been of vast benefit to the team.

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## The Boys

Under the leadership of Captain Doane, the boys are rapidly rounding the team into shape. Our prospects for the season are reasonably good. We have left from last year's team four of the players, namely, Doane, Johns, Rogers and Stone. There is considerable good material in the school and we ought to have a winning team. Manager Rogers is arranging a number of match games to come off before the regular schedule.

# The Parable of the Ambitious Youth

And he spake unto them saying:

List, that you may become Wise; for I am about to relate the Parable of the Youth who had Ambitions. There was Once in a country Village. a Youth who was the Son of Worthy Parents. Instead of allowing him to become Low and Vulgar, they kept him at his Books and stood Guard o'er him with a Shillaley lest he neglect them. And the Youth lived in the Straight and Narrow Path and knew not the Ways of the World.

And it came to pass that he was sent from the Home of his Childhood to a School in the Town. He had been Impressed by his Parents with the Amount of his own remarkable Ability and how he should Use it. Whereupon the Youth considered himself the Proper Article and spake unto his Mates, saying, "Behold, I am a Wise Gazabe. I have a Hunch that the proper Stunt is to Cram and do thy Tasks and thou willt earn much Fame." But lo, they looked upon him with Disgust and spake, saying, "Thou art a Lobster and thy Hunch a bum one. Thou shalt not do thy Tasks but thy Teacher, for such is the Law of the School." And they asked him Not to partake of their Pies and Fizz-water.

And it came to pass that the Football Season approached, whereupon divers Youths with Dirt on their Countenances uttered Wild Cries and ran about in the Mud. And in their Midst was a Husky Youth whom they hailed as Captain and all the Youths and Pelicans fell down and worshipped him. The Ambitious One perceived this and spake, saying, "Lo, now have I the Proper Hunch." And thereupon he wrote a Touch to his Folks for the Price of New Books, for he was Fast learning the Ways of Men. And he bought for himself Canvas Clothes and exclaimed, "Now shall I earn much Fame."

And it came to pass that he learned the War Cry and waded in the Mud. But lo, he was Yanked upon the Carpet and Cussed for neglecting his Tasks. And he spake, saying, "Woe is me. I am a Bum Actor. I have yet to find the Proper Stunt."

And it came to pass that the Track Season approached, whereupon long Skinny Youths did Things. And the Youth exclaimed,"Why is it that the Husky Youths pad themselves, while the Slender ones wear Naught at all?" But he soon discovered his Error, for in their Midst was a Youth who could do a Mile in four forty-two. And the Youths and Pelicans fell down and worshipped him. And the Ambitious One perceived this and spake, saying, "At last I have the Proper Stunt." And he wrote another Touch, and bought himself Spikes and other Things.

And it came to pass that he learned to do a Hundred in Ten Flat, whereupon he was worshipped. But lo, he was again Yanked Up and Cussed a Heap. And he Moaned and Tore his Hair in Anguish.

And it came to pass that a Fatherly Student witnessed his sorrow and he spake unto him, saying, "Why dost thou Tear thy Raven Locks?" and the Youth replied, "Alas! Alack! I cannot find the Proper Stunt." And thereupon he told him all his Troubles. "Ah," quoth the Fatherly One, "I have the Only Remedy. Be Attentive." And the Youth was Attentive and he learned the Art of Riding the Pony and Working the Crib and Jollying the Prof. And the Proper Angle to hold a Cigaroot with his Face and the Correct Time to Butt In and When to keep his Mouth Shut learned he Also. And he profited by his Knowledge and he gained much Fame and became a Shining Light among his Mates.

And so endeth the First Lesson.

# SHOP NOTES

VON GELDERN '07

Passing through the wood-working department these days, one sees much activity among the boys there. Tables, stools, tabourettes, hall clocks, tool chests, book-cases, clothes chests, napkin rings, vase forms, etc., are in various stages of construction. Lathe turning was recently commenced.

Each boy made a model of a roof truss, which knowledge will be of benefit to him, should he ever have occasion to erect a building. Several very good models of yachts and speed launches have been made from working drawings; they are ornamental as well as useful.

The new band saw and circular saw are being installed in the new room for pattern making apprentices.

Small sections at a time, each class is taking a short course in the foundry. In this way the students will better understand the pattern making they will do later on. The apprentices in machinery pattern making are finishing up work commenced last quarter; viz., 2 H. P. Gas Engine, 10 H. P. D. C. Electric Motor, 24 inch Wood Planer.

The classes in the foundry are turning out all sizes and kinds of castings, many of them being very difficult pieces of work that an ordinary apprentice would serve a long time before being trusted with.

Two acid pans have been cast and orders are in for two more. These pans were calculated to weigh 1800 pounds and on being weighed came within 5 pounds of that figure, showing that the pattern maker did no guess work and that the moulder made a perfect mould. The castings were especially smooth and free from blow holes. Preparations are being made to cast the sticker machine. These large castings make plenty of work for the electric crane. Mr. Lacoste is very proud of his juvenile classes.

In the forging department the boys are finishing up their exercises and doing light forging. Some very creditable chains are being made. A grill about ten feet long of very artistic design was finished a short time ago. It reminds one of those happy (?) hours spent in the freehand drawing room. The steam hammer is kept going continuously and the work done with it is evidence that the boys have mastered its tricks and are using it to advantage.

Lots of work is being done in the machine shop. A 2 H. P. alternating-current, induction motor is about completed. The generator made last quarter for the physic laboratory is being fitted up with collecting rings so that either direct or alternating current may be generated. The 10 H. P. armature for the Pacific Gear Works is finished, 60 segment commutator on and ready to be connected to the winding. The 4x6 hoist is ready to be set up. One of the small steam engines made some time ago has been put in the new building to be used for hoisting brick, mortar, etc. An

8 in. piston with snap rings for an outside job was made the first part of the quarter. Two 1-2 H. P. electric motors and 2 pipe-cutting machines are well on the way to completion. Pumps from the acid factory come in quite frequently to be overhauled and put in order, and dozens of cupel moulds are turned out each week. A switch board for shop testing has been installed, and last, but not least, the gas engine castings are on the planer.

## In Hewitts' Heaven

It was the end of the school term and the students had left the shops for more pleasant times.

"Life with me is a perfect bore," said the Auger.

"I am a little board myself," said the Shingle.

"There's no art in this shop," observed the Screwdriver, "everything's screwed in my eyes."

"You don't stick to anything long enough to know what you are driving at," interjected the Glue.

"That's just it," said the Screw. "He never goes beneath the surface the way the Jack Plane and I do."

"Tut," cried the Saw, "I go through things just as much as you do."

"Regular grind," said the Grindstone.

"I agree with you," said the Bench, "No matter how well I do my work I'm always sat on."

"Let's strike," said the Hammer, and they did, but returned to work gladly a few weeks later.

## The Brawny Student

He was strong, and all his muscles
  Were like wires of tempered steel;
He'd walk to San Jose and back,
  Yet no fatigue would feel.

He could swing a sledge for Mathis
  As if it gave him joy,
And all the hours after school
  In football he'd employ.

But he struck one thing that fazed him,
  And he soon was up a stump,
On the day Miss Bridgman asked him
  If he'd kindly mend the pump.

He did it! O, he did it,
  But 'ere the vacuum came,
He felt more tired, than after
  Any hard-fought football game.

And the other fellows guyed him,
  For they'd all been there before,
And they knew the pump's capacity
  For making people sore.

The weeks dragged on, so slowly,
  And the pump, unchanging still,
Did his days with arduous labor
  And his nights with nightmare fill.

One night be packed some collars
  And some neckties in a grip,
Resolved upon escaping,
  As a sailor on a ship.

But he found on once more going
  To the school, to say good bye,
That his fate had now relented,
  So, to stay he thought he'd try.

For a motor had been fitted
  That would run the pump with ease,
So, no more he'd have to sweat and toil
  His teacher for to please.

So this bold and brawny student,
  Since the day when this befell,
Has recovered strength and courage,
  And is feeling pretty well.

## The Other Side

Rosenstein; Boiler-compound expert (?)

"It takes the Irish to beat the Dutch." Thus mused Schindler as he was extricating himself from under the work bench, where he had landed as a result of an altercation with "Murphy."

The strains of "A Bit O'Blarney," in six flats were filling the air, mingling harmoniously with the buzz of pulleys and the hum of the dynamos. But alas! Some people never could appreciate music. It was all spoiled by a grating voice. "Thunderation ! Some one tell Bulpitt to discontinue that music lesson."

---

Talk about "buttinskys," did you ever try to use the emery grinder when that fellow Rotger had a tool he wanted to sharpen?

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In the foundry---"What are you doing there, you big six-foot good-for-nothing? Just throwing dirt, hey? Well get a sledge and go out and break pig iron. See how you like that."

---

"Oley" may be a good machinist but he still has something to learn about roller skates.

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"Dutch" Holmes has a small wrench in his possession. Owner can have same for the asking.

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There's nothing like being in Course 11 when Founder's Day comes around.

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When Allsopp wants the buffer, its just like a game of checkers, and Jack's turn to move.

C. Smith was measuring with a steel scale, the distance between buttons on the voltmeter switch, but the light suddenly became so bright that he could not read the graduations on his scale. They ARE still a little blurred in spots.

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"Brains" will cheerfully give any desired information on gas engines, that is within the scope of the pattern maker.

---

Captain Gill's football team, since defeating the Scavengers by a score of 6 to 6, has retired on full pay.

---

For punching the stator windings of a motor, into place, a screw driver is an excellent tool. Ask Fay.

---

Mr. Hewitt---"What is a roof truss?"

Freshie---"A frame work."

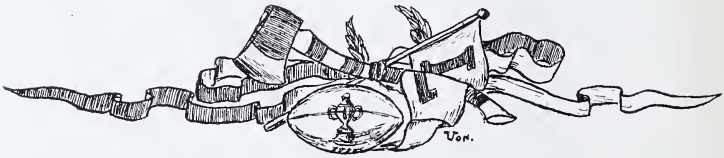
Mr. H.---"That's too indefinite. Why, I'm a framework."

Freshie---"Yes, sir, but you're not wooden."

Mr. H.---"Thank you! Thank you!"

---

Gentlemen, take off your hats. That balky gas stove in the cooking department was repaired with a hair pin. Who did it? Well that would be telling.



# An Allegory

Origin of the Lily.

Among the dwellings of the gods is a beautiful garden, miles wide and equally great in length. The gods, busied with their banquets and the affairs of men, seldom visit this garden, though the flowers are most beautiful, and the air has the sweetest fragrance. The Red Chrysanthemum, the Forget-me-not, and the Rose, all symbols of love, wave to and fro in the breeze. The river of Hope flows through it, watering the ever thirsty roots of the plants on its banks. This beautiful garden is a frequent resort of Cupid's, who wanders through it, musing on subjects of weightiest importance.

So it happened that one day, Cupid came skipping through the woods and, stooping down by the running stream, caught a handful of the clear water and touched it to his lips. Then he carelessly amused himself by sticking holes through the dried leaves on the ground around him.

"What folly that I should waste my darts on a heart like that Viola's," thought Cupid as he stirred the water vehemently with an arrow, "They never pierce the crust, and, what's more, they seem to make her haughtier than before. She cares for none, nor even loves the beautiful. Folly, all folly," cried Cupid as he shook his head angrily, at which all the little yellow curls nodded in assent, "I'll waste no more time with this frivolous, unruly, hard-hearted maid of Jose, for she will never learn to love."

Just then a butterfly flew by, challenging Cupid to a race. It was accepted, and off went Cupid to catch the winged flower.

Everything is still for a time, until we see Viola coming through the vistaed trees. A maid stately in form, but of a haughty and scornful mien. Her face was beautiful, yet full of sorrow. To her there was no beauty in nature about her, the flowers drooped, the songs of the birds were harsh and screeching. Everything was worthless to her and so was life.

Sitting down by the stream, she caught a shining wave in her hand, and carelessly watched the beautiful colors as the water fell drop by drop, sparkling transparent in the sun's beams. A cooling draught of the water sent a subtle feeling through her, making a complete change. It was "like love over strife," and she moaned for something, she knew not what.

Looking down on the ground, Viola saw the leaves about her, bruised and cut, and taking one in her hand, it was with pity that she tried to fold the ragged edges back to their former places. Suddenly, breathless and almost lifeless, a dove fell at her feet. Raising it from the ground, the maid stroked it lovingly, saying, "Fear not, little friend, I will care for you, for I--- I--- love you."

Viola, whose countenance had now changed, rose and walked about. Things seemed different, how beautifully the birds sang, the air was so fragrant, and it had never seemed so before! Yet Cupid had only stirred the water that she had drank, and she had only tried to mend the leaves that his arrows pierced. She could think of nothing, nor even speak unless she betrayed her inward feelings, which were now nothing but the symbols of love and hope.

Viola could not rest, but wandered for days and nights with the bird close to her heart. She forgot herself, and little by little she seemed to change; now she seemed a shadow, whose general outlines were all that distinguished the former maid, and finally, only a fragrant mist. A flower raised its head where she had stood, beautiful as a snow flake, as silent as its fall, and sweeter than the breeze which blows from a new mown meadow.

A dove flew toward the heavens, and all was quiet, for this was holy ground.

LELAH REYNOLDS.

# The Gentle Game

The boy stood on the football field
  Whence all but him had fled;
The rooter's shouting echoed o'er
  The dying and the dead.

The hair hung down into his eyes,
  Such of it as was left,
For, sad to say, at one fell swoop
  Of it he'd been bereft.

One arm hung limply at his side
  And fluttered as he reeled;
His teeth, like sow-flakes in the wind,
  Were scattered o'er the field.

His shirt was torn across the chest,
  His pants ripped at the knees,
His shoes clung sadly to his feet
  Like mistletoe to trees.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
  While, all around, alack!
Were fragments of the center-rush,
  The half- and quarter-back.

The tacklers on the goal-posts hung,
  The guard was borne away
In the arms of his brave comrades
  Quite early in the fray.

And here and there lay crippled youths,
  With broken noses, ribs and neck,
And on the ground were arms and legs,
  But still he stood among the wreck.

B. A. CRABTREE, '08.

---

Ed. Note---(At this point the Muse evidently deserted the poet. We trust the poor hero of the touching picture is not standing there yet. It was cruel of the poet not to have moved him away from the awful spot. We trust that the inspiration will return, and cause the poor youth to be conveyed to a more favorable locality.)

---

Teacher---"What is a polygon?"

Snell---"A poly gon(e) is a dead Poly fellow."

Snell evidently believes that "the only good Indian is a dead one."

# A City Jay in Truckee

"What do you think about this mother-in-law joke?" was asked of Mr. John of the Sunday *Chronicle*. Glancing cautiously around he replied earnestly. "I tell you a mother-in-law is no *Joke!*"

And it has often struck me that the joke of the country hoosier on a visit to the city is only 1-n th of a josh when compared with the verdancy of a city youth in the country. This impression was deepened by an incident in which I took part last June.

I had been working for several months in Nevada and Sierra Counties, California, when occasion demanded my securing the affidavit of a Notary Public to some papers which had been sent to me from San Francisco for my signature. I borrowed a wheel from a saw mill hand, and hied me to Truckee, where a lawyer and notary, Mr. Moodey, had hung up his shingle.

The seven miles to Truckee were covered in 56 minutes, which I have since figured to be at the startling rate of eight miles per hour! By purchasing some liquid refreshments at one of Truckee's thirty-nine anti-temperance exchanges, I was enabled to leave with the proprietor, my bike, and also my dusty leggings (the sure sign of the tenderfoot).

Diligent inquiry resulted in the information that Moodey had left his house early in the afternoon and was either at the baseball game or at his office. I tried the door of his office, and found it locked. And as Mr. Notary was an unknown quantity to me, I asked a youth who was standing near, looking inquisitively at me, if he had seen Mr. Moodey, the lawyer, around lately.

He said he didn't know the man, and inquired, "Have you got a case for him?"

"Oh, I just happened to want to see him," was my non-committal answer, for I was somewhat amazed at his question; but I quickly saw he must be one of those tin-horn sports from the city. He was about twenty-two years old and of slight build. He wore a soft cloth hat, pink shirt and stiff white collar, patent leather shoes and very light, almost white, trousers, the unmistakable *ensemble* of a tenderfoot.

As if to justify his question, my lad volunteered that he was staying at the house of Moodey's mother-in-law, but had not seen Mr. Moodey.

"I guess you haven't been here long," was my remark; to which he replied, "Oh, I just came from Lake Tahoe, where I spent two weeks. Ever been there?"

"I run up there occasionally. Might go again next Sunday. What's the fare now?"

"Oh, I really don't know," he replied. "I paid about five dollars to go to Brockway and it cost about three dollars to come back."

"Why didn't you buy a round trip ticket?" I asked. "That would have cost only six dollars.'

"Well, I asked in the office for a ticket to Brockway, and they didn't say anything about a round trip ticket, so I didn't get one."

Up to this time my interest in the conversation had been rather perfunctory. But as my plan was simply to camp on Mr. Notary's steps until he appeared, it dawned on me that here was amusement to pass the time while waiting. The lack of astuteness of my friend was remarkable, but was excelled by his conceited inquisitiveness. As I am naturally very conservative, like Addison the Spectator,the talking was all done by the other fellow. Life in the country had taught me forcibly to mind my own business, but life in the city had developed a very apparent egotism in the lad from the metropolis.

"How far did you come on your bicycle?" he again piped up.

"Seven miles,' I replied.

"Isn't it awful hard riding on these country roads?"

"Of course not," I replied. "The roads are good around here."

"What do you call good roads? Like the street here?" he asked.

"Yes, only not so smooth, and dustier."

"Huh," he sniffed. "I don't call that a good road. You ought to see the streets we have in San Francisco. They're the best in the world. Ever been there?"

"No." And just here I must explain. I was born and raised in San Francisco; and having lived there twenty-seven years and visited there six years besides, ought to know the place. So it was solely in the interest of science that I replied, "No. What kind of roads do they have there?"

"Oh, all the way up Market street and out Golden Gate avenue the streets are wide and hard and smooth, all bitumen, and no dust. And then in Golden Gate Park there is the finest riding in the world."

"What is Golden Gate Park?" I inquired.

"Didn't you ever hear of Golden Gate Park?" was his wondering exclamation.

"No," I said, "Is it as big as the square at Sacramento?"

This rather disconcerted him, for he asked, "How big is that?"

"You have never been in Sacramento?" was my return shot. "The square in Sacramento is a great big park about 500 yards long and 200 yards wide."

"Oh shucks," he replied contemptuously. "Golden Gate Park is the biggest in the world. It is six miles long and two miles wide, and has lawns and lakes and trees, and bears and deer and buffaloes and peacocks and all kinds of birds in it."

"I should think people would shoot them for game," was my quick question.

"Oh, they're not allowed to. Why, if you pick a single flower you get fined fifteen dollars!" he breathed in an awe-inspiring tone.

"Good place to keep away from, I guess. How much admission do they charge? And if it's such a big place can't the people climb the fence as they do at football games at Sacramento?" I asked.

"Oh, it's free," he said. "It belongs to the city. And every Sunday one of the best bands in the world gives a grand concert in the park."

"Do they pass the hat to pay for the band, as we do here at a dance?" I asked.

"Oh. no," he smiled, "the city pays for it."

"What is the population of San Francisco?"

"Oh, I never took the trouble to find out,' he replied. And then his curiosity appearing again, he continued, "What town did you say you just came from?"

"I really don't remember mentioning it before," I said, "but I left Overton about an hour and a half ago."

"What is there?" he asked.

"Overton,' I demonstrated, "is a town of about 1500 people, with a big saw-mill, box-factory, machine shop and round houses. It is the largest lumber camp in this section of the country."

"I guess I'll go out to see it tomorrow," he said. "What time does the train leave?"

"Oh, they only allow working men on that train, who are good for something," I replied. "But you can walk it in an hour and a half."

The man I had been waiting for came up just then, interrupting my fun. And by the time my "case" was finished, Mr. Hot-Air Merchant of San Francisco had disappeaed. I was much grieved to have this information of my home town so abruptly terminated, but life was short. I had just 59 minutes in which to get back to Overton in time for dinner.

So after a few more treats to pay for keeping my wheel at "Scotties,' I dashed off those seven miles home in 52 minutes, aided by a strong component of wind in the direction of propagation. It was like floating on air in comparison with Golden Gate avenue; for in spite of my friend's eulogy, I much prefer railroad ties to that smooth pavement. The ties have this advantage, that the bumps are equal and regular.

Associations of years spent in the city had de-

veloped in me the bad habit of "butting-in" on slight notice, and I had tried to reform while in the mountains. But my experience in Truckee that afternoon had made my old failing bob up again.

Now, in a cook house where 400 men are fed "three squares per day," you don't find a sideboard with hot tea and cold meat sandwiches with salad, waiting for the late-comer. And when I rushed into the cook house after my hot ride from Truckee, I found another Slavonian in my accustomed place. So I sat down at the table in the first empty seat, which happened to be close to a window.

The declining sun sent its rays through the window at an angle of 75 degrees, into the eyes of the man sitting opposite me, to his evident annoyance. Being happy from my encounter with the 'Frisco youth, I piped up, "Sun's bad shining in your face."

"Yep," was the short answer.

I continued, "Apt to get the inside of your mouth sunburned."

"Sure would if I kept my yawp open talking so blame much," he growled.

I suddenly took great interest in my dinner, but was so disconcerted by the grins that passed around, that I could not get more than fifteen peas at once on my knife and safely into my mouth. And to complete my mortification, I was called down by the waiter for being the last one at the table.

Thus is the evil influence of the city revealed in the tendency of its natives to be smart, to show off, and be conceited over the mere fact of having lived in a big city. So when you read the josh of the country jay in the city, just remember the moral of this story, and consider this problem: If a city jay were placed in a pasture, he would have to eat half his molecular weight of Ca O Cl2 to fade his greenness to the color of the grass around him.

"And for the last time I say, *'Mike, Don't Butt In.'* "

CHAS. C. DE WOLF.

# How I Became Famous

It is not given to many to become famous at a single bound, nor did I ever dream that I could be amongst those who could so boast.

Now, I can say with a great deal of assurance that there are not many men who do not like to be popular among their fellowmen. Some try various ways, often without success. To others, Fame seems to come of its own accord. The way I became famous was due more to animal instinct than to any great personal effort.

Last summer, a few boys including my chum and myself went camping in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We were having a dandy time and dreaded the close of vacation. The hunting was reasonably good and Billy and I kept the camp fairly well supplied with game. That is, Billy did the shooting and I packed the game. Bright and early one morning we started out, determined to make a day of it. Billy carried his shotgun, while I lugged the lunch basket and a great big Colt's revolver. This same revolver, whether from some internal defect or just natural stubbornness,had never been known to shoot any thing but nevertheless this did not lower it in my esteem.

We were in a ravine some miles from camp and were enjoying the scenery immensely, when suddenly, upon rounding a sharp bend, we were surprised to see a gang of men on a railroad trestle, some hundred feet above us, ripping, tearing and destroying the bridge. When they had finished there was a gap between the rails large enough to send a train to the bottom of the ravine. Then the men got out pretty darn quick.

It did not take us long to realize that these men were train wreckers, and Billy started up the hill to flag any train that might be coming along. But before he had barely started, we heard the whistle of a locomotive. I looked up instantly and beheld, but a short distance away, an engine rapidly approaching the trestle.

Here was my chance to become famous at a single bound, so with a mighty leap of a hundred feet, I gained the trestle and stood, revolver in hand. The speed of the engine was a little swifter than I had anticipated and I hadn't much time to poise my manly figure for the coming event. The locomotive rushed onto the trestle and made a bee line for me! But I faltered not---

* * * * * * * * * * *

At the camp some hours later, Billy told the boys how I stood, revolver in hand, and HELD UP THE TRAIN!!!

ROMER SHAWHAN, '07

"Ich habe vergessen," der Schuler sagte
Als die Lehrerin ihn fragte,
Ob er "Immensee" gelesen hat.
Daun ging er fort.
Und——BLIEB DORT!

---

"Machte nicht nur solche Augen,"
Sagte er zu ihr---
"Weisst du nicht dass alle glauben
Sie gehen nicht mit mir?"

### Destructive Fred Moullen

"There now---gosh all turnips! I s'pect that the college Fred's going to will be sendin' me a big bill for damages. Fred always was a rough sort of boy---always breakin' things and costin' more money than he wuz worth."

"What's he done now, Hiram?"

"Why, this here paper he sent me says that on last field day he broke two records, an' came near smashin' another."

---

One of the Juniors remarked in the English class, that logarithms were so simple that he wished *spelling* was taught by logarithms or at least reconstructed on a decimal basis.

---

Hotchkiss persisted in calling the famous English poets, "Sheats and Kelley." The classical names of Keats and Shelley sound quite ordinary on the lips of a football captain.

---

In the Oakland game, White got a rap on the head that completely knocked him silly. Coming home on the car, his ravings were quite funny. For example, he said, "That fellow Snell is a great full-back, but he's no debator. He debates with his bucking-cap and that ain't parliamentary law."

"If we'd had Mr. Kalmus in that game, wouldn't he have showed those fellers the poiygon of velocities!"

---

We had visitors in the Senior English Class. Accompanying them was a youthful josher, with whom the Katzenjammer Kids and other heroes of comic supplement fame could not be compared. We suppressed our mirth until Sam Hyman stood up to recite. Then, "Ou-u-u," said the kid, "Mamma, see the funny face!" How true the saying, "Out of the mouths of babes, etc."

---

"Susie" Rogers delivering an oration in the English Class.---"In dredging for gold in South Africa, there is a lot of trouble in getting dredgers and men to do the work---they have to be shipped in small pieces from this country."

---

If seven studies a day and six home studies at night is a joke, then the Seniors are certainly having an original, humorous time.

MR. KALMUS ON KINEMATICS—PURE MOTION.

Mr. Willard (at one of the games)---"Ah, we've got them fellers *skun* a mile!" And still they cuss at us for using slang.

---

Little Willie's clothes are clean;
Papa has some gasoline,
Papa sets it on the floor,
Then lies down to take a snore.

Willie with some matches plays,
He likes to see them burn and blaze,
He drops one right into the can,
Exit---Little boy and man.

---

At a rally the other day Manager Snell stated that the football team wished to win by merit. But it turned out that Moullen also played.

---

One of our lady instructors said that she thought that Carr was "the cutest thing, and he's just like a Mellin's Food baby."

That's a nice thing to say about a Senior and the amateur champion bantam-weight wrestler of the Pacific Coast, isn't it?

---

Mr. Dick (to Moor who had just proved a theorem)---"Now how do you prove the converse of this?"

Moor---"To prove the converse, you simply do the other one backwards."

---

Little sprains and bruises,
Little drops of gore,
Give a football player,
Fame forever more.

---

Miss Southwick---"Shelley went to Italy for his health and was drowned there."

Since when was it healthy to die by drowning?

How does Debator Gass differ from a wheel? He has spoke without tire.

---

"Tempus fugit," said the Romans,
Yes, alas! 'tis fleeting on,
Ever coming,
Ever going,
Life is short and soon it's gone.

But when I think of graduation,
While boning German lessons huge,
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge!"

---

A SENIOR'S VIEW OF RADIANT ENERGY

The boy stood on the burning deck,
To jump he had a notion,
But death in flames was sweeter far,
Than plunging in Wave Motion.

---

'Twas in the Strength of Materials class and Mr. Kalmus was experimenting. The beam refused to break. He had loaded on all the scrap iron in the room and was in despair as to how he could increase the load. Then an idea struck him. Going to an adjacent room he procured several Cooking Class biscuits. There was a tremendous crash. Could you blame the beam?

---

Our ambitious Yell Leader, Joe Hill, was down town getting bids on megaphones and those whirl-i-gig things that make lots of noise.

"Oh," said the sales woman, leading the way to a case of baby-rattles, "these are just what you want."

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Mother---"Yes, three living and one at Oakland High School."

---

Symnes (soliloquizing during an "ex" on the irony of fate)

Mr. Dick---"What are you talking about, Symnes?"

Symnes---"Well, I couldn't do this problem and I was saying to myself, 'Symnes, old man, you don't know much, do you? You're trying to bluff it, ain't you? You're up against it and Mr. Dick is going to give you a big round zero. You old yam, Symnes, why didn't you cram?' "


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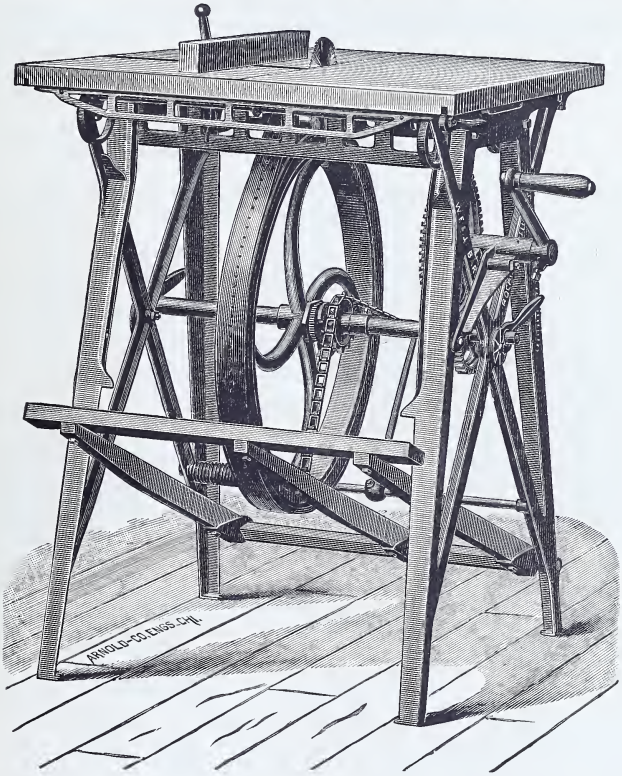


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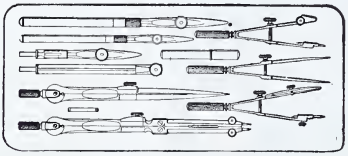

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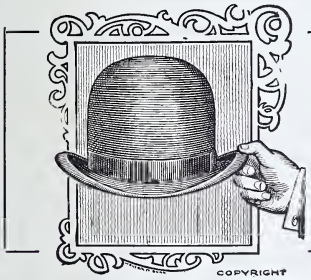


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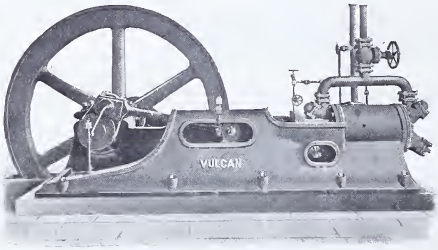


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She sat on the steps at eventide,
The summer moon shone fair,
A youth came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"
And she gave him a vacant stare.


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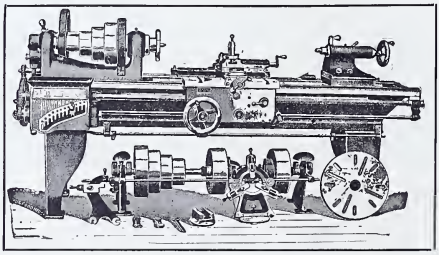

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Miss Otto was discussing pronouns. The sentence was "We love those who love us." "Now," said Miss Otto, "here's a chance for a RELATIVE."

"What are the wild waves saying?" she mused, as they sat together on the beach.

"Hanged if I know; I flunked in Sound and Light," he replied, languidly.

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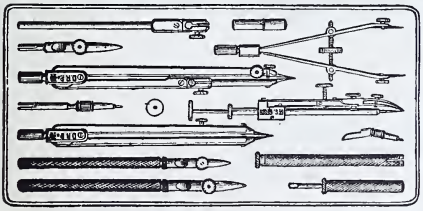

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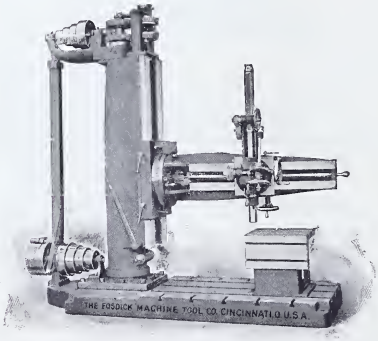


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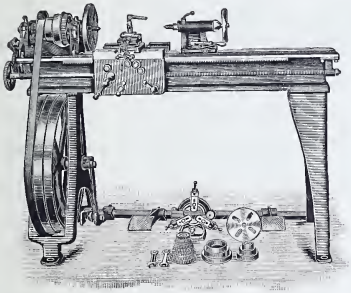

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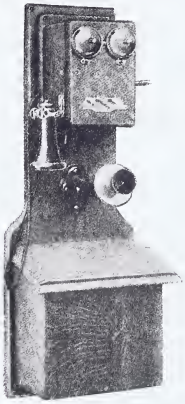

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When one's in charge who is a perfect swell:
How noble is my mien, perceive my tread,
Note in my eyes how glories seem to dwell
When say I, "Fellows, do as I have said,
And show those stiffs that we know how to yell!"

So it seems, now that the track and football seasons are over, that Oakland has taken such a fancy to us, that they have annexed our name with a big "ed" attached to it to theirs. (We apologize to the *Ægis* for the originality (?) of the above bum joke. As to their version of it, we are convinced that it was due to a mistake of the printer or an oversight of the proofreader rather than ignorance of the real situation.)

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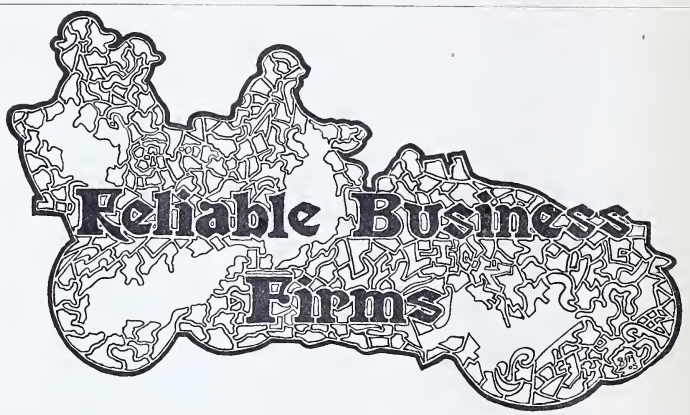


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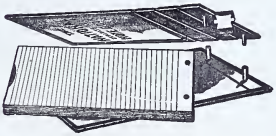

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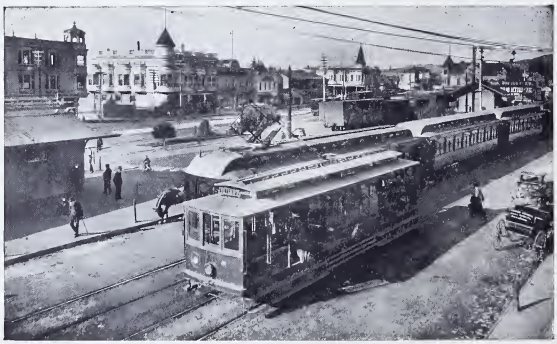

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**Leave Piedmont Avenue for San Francisco.**

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11:42 A. M. 12:02 12:22 12:42 1:02 1:22 1:42 2:02 2:22 2:42 3:02 3:22 3:42 4:02 4:22 4:42
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**Leave San Pablo Avenue for San Francisco.**

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11:48 A. M. 12:08 12:28 12:48 1:08 1:28 1:48 2:08 2:28 2:48 3:08 3:28 3:48 4:08 4:28 4:48
5:08 5:28 5:48 6:08 6:28 ‡6:48 §7:03 ‡7:07 7:48 8:33 9:33 10:33 11:33 P. M.

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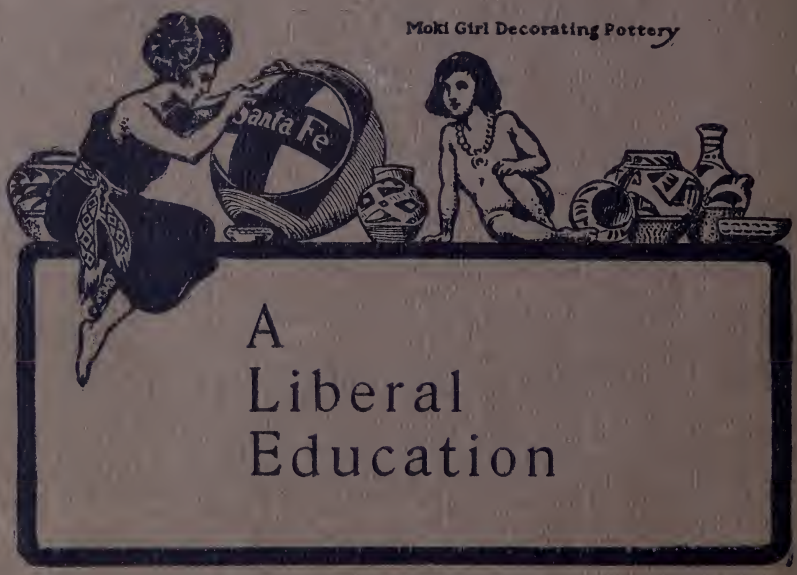


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